

Findr

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Findr

by [msmerlin](#)

Summary

Hermione is about to go through her first heat as an Omega. Problem is: she doesn't have an Alpha to help see her through. Leave it to her best friend, Harry Potter, to sign her up for a match service called Findr, where Hermione finds a married couple looking for an Omega to share.

Notes

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See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

Hermione stared down at the little punch pack on the counter, her lips pressed together in a tight line as she eyed the last pill, still waiting for her inside the hard plastic. Her last suppressant. She had taken the daily pill since thirteen years old, and now eleven years later she was facing the prospect of having to go through her very first heat.

Back when she'd started taking the pills, the side effects never frightened her. She never assumed she'd spend over a decade on the bloody pills, nor did she assume she would be without a mate by twenty four. For an Omega, this was nearly unheard of. But here she was: twenty four, unmarried, unbonded and facing the very real prospect of infertility if she did not come off the suppressants.

While she wasn't ready to have kids now, the idea of never having the opportunity left an unsettled pit of anxiety low in her belly. It wasn't strictly biological either—although her inner omega wanted to gouge her eyes out at the prospect of never having pups, it was her own wants. She'd always dreamed of having a big family. Growing up an only child was blissful. Her parents were nothing but attentive and catered to her every whim and desire. Despite the constant love and affection from her parents, she'd longed for a companion growing up. While she was several—*several* years away from wanting to have children, she knew that she wanted more than just a couple to fill her home.

With a heavy sigh, she picked up the packet and pressed her thumb over the last little pink pill. It fell into her hand, rolling into the grooves her palm as she tossed the empty pill pack into the bathroom bin without a second thought. She put what was to be her last ever suppressant pill on her tongue before washing it down with a quick gulp of water from the bathroom sink.

She brushed her hand on her cotton pajama shorts as she walked out of the bathroom, leaving the door ajar as she moved down the small hallway and back to the living room where she left her roommate—and best friend, waiting. "Well, that's the last one."

Harry glanced up, his face illuminated by the artificial glow of light from his laptop that rested on his thighs, and his lips pulled in a small grimace. "Already? I thought you had another month."

Hermione shook her head as she fell onto the couch beside him with a huff of air. "Doctor wouldn't write another script since my birthday is in the middle of the month. Said that it's better to go off it early than late."

"What a wanker." Harry breathed his curse, shaking his head as he pulled his eyes back down to the computer screen. "So what's your plan then?"

Pulling a throw pillow into her lap, Hermione curled her arms tightly around the lumpy fluff until it was squished against her chest. Even after all these years of friendship, the idea that Harry thought she had an actual plan regarding *this* particular part of her life was almost

amusing. Or rather, it would be if she wasn't so bloody petrified by the idea of going into heat.

Little Omega's and Alpha's were told from an early age as to the fate that awaited them once the hit puberty. It wasn't like they wouldn't figure it out eventually, as the curse of being a demi-human was typically inherited by at least one of their parents. They had years to prepare for heats, and ruts, and the idea of raising pups. Years to grow used to the idea that their life was going to be literally dependent upon another person. Years to learn the symptoms of an upcoming heat and watch how their parents handled the ebb and flow of hormones included with being a demi-human.

But Hermione had not been so fortunate.

She had been raised by two beta's and as far as she knew, there had never been an Omega on either side of her family tree. Which meant she was either incredibly lucky or had the worst luck in the world—depending on one's opinion of the whole demi-human concept. With no preparation for her diagnosis at the age of eleven, and virtually no great examples of Alpha and Omega relationships to reflect upon (no thanks to the media's portrayal of demi-human relationships in overly romanticised novels and movies); Hermione and her parents were woefully ill-prepared to navigate the complex world of what her life was to become when she reached adulthood.

Fortunately, the scramble to figure out this new lifestyle got pushed to the backburner shortly after her diagnosis. For her savior had come in the form of a little pink pill. The experimental drug was marketed as a miracle—a means to provide an answer for Omega's who wished to avoid the hassle of heats. What her parents saw was an answer to their daughter's problem. What Hermione saw, was a way to avoid pesky little things like adulthood. The drug would suppress her hormones and force her more prominent Omega traits into stasis, while also pushing the Omega instincts down into the deep recesses of her mind. It would give her a chance to grow up without worrying if an Alpha would accidentally trigger her heat, or if she would be safe walking to and from school. It would give her a chance to complete her education so she would not end up as a mindless piece of arm candy, like many of the other the Omega's did.

And so eleven years ago she began to take the little pink pill everyday, using it to try and have a normal life. One where she didn't have to admit to anyone that she was an Omega. One where she could just be *normal*—a beta. And up until a year ago, she lived under the pretense of being able to take that bloody medication until she found someone to bond with.

However that false sense of hope was quickly shattered at her annual physical. Dr. Dumbledore retired and in his place a rather tight lipped eldery M.D. took his place. She took one look at Hermione's chart and broke the unfortunate news. Studies have been proven to show that prolonged use of the suppressants lead to irreversible infertility, and based on the amount of time she'd been on the drug; well... the odds were not in her favor.

"I was probably just going to..." Her voice drifted off as she looked down at her feet resting on the coffee table, eyes focusing on the chipped blue nail polish instead of having to look at her best friend of nearly fifteen years as she spoke. "Buy some of those toys you showed me on amazon and just—"

"Are you bloody kidding me?" Harry sighed. She didn't need to look at him to know exactly what type of look he was giving her now. It was the same tight lipped disapproval her mother often gave her when she told her about breaking up with yet another boyfriend. The "*I'll love you forever, but you really are a moron*" look. "Mione, you can't go through your first heat alone. Did you even try to find someone?"

"Who the hell am I supposed to ask, Harry? My ex's?" Her eyes flickered up to Harry and she cocked a brow. "I'm sure Cormac would fucking love that."

"First off, fuck him. He was a pompous asshole whose only redeeming quality was a big cock." Harry quickly pointed out, his nose wrinkling as he shook his head. "No, you're never allowed to call him again. *But* you could have, *I dunno*, here's a novel idea but maybe you could have asked someone who isn't your bloody ex."

"Yeah? Like who? Neville is married, I'm fairly certain Blaise might have an STI and Cedric is...well, Cedric. Those are the only Alpha's that we know. Clearly my options are limited."

"What about the owner from that one paper you've submitted articles to?" Harry pressed. "Blond bloke."

"Lucius Malfoy?!"

"Yeah. His whole vibe screams Alpha. What about him?"

"Hard pass." Hermione said with a shudder. "Besides, I think he's married...or asexual. Fuck I don't know. Definitely not interested, though."

"Okay! Well, what about the hot guy at the end of the hall...big muscles, tattoos and that thick accent! He has to be an Alpha!"

"Viktor's already bonded, Harry. Have you never noticed the gorgeous blonde that nearly glued to his side?" Hermione sighed, lifting her hands to rub them over his face.

"Oh...guess not. To be fair, his muscle shirts are rather distracting." Harry pursed his lips together, finger tapping thoughtfully on the top of his laptop. "Fuck. I don't know...I could—I mean if you wanted, I could help. I know I'm no Alpha, but it's better than going through your first heat alone." Harry quickly offered, his eyes softening on her in a way that made her heart ache.

"Harry...that's so sweet, but..." Hermione began, her shoulders sagging as she tilted her head to the side to look at him. His eyes were on her, soft with worry and concern. It was bad enough knowing she was just days away from what she was shaping up to be one of the most terrifying experiences of her life—but to have Harry so bloody concerned he'd offer to *shag* her through her heat? Blimey, that was nearly too much to bear.

"Is it because I'm gay? I'm fairly certain getting it up won't be a problem. I'll just keep my phone hooked up to your TV and play some RedTube." Harry picked up his mobile from the couch cushion and he wiggled it at her with a smirk. "I've got a killer playlist already saved. Just put that on loop and I'd be a walking hard on."

"Ha! I mean you being gay might be *one* of the issues, but let's not discount the fact you're in a committed relationship." Hermione took the phone from Harry's hand and she tossed it on the couch between them before taking his hand in hers, giving it a gentle squeeze as a small smile pulled on her lips. "I appreciate the offer, I really do, but no. Theo already thinks we're too close—could you imagine how he'd react if told him we were going to shag?"

"It's not *shagging*, it's your heat. Very different." Harry quickly corrected, his lips pursing in disapproval at her wording. "But you do know Theo would understand...if it came down to that. His best friend is an Alpha."

"Harry, again, you're kind to offer, but there is no way I would ever agree to allow that." Hermione sighed before releasing his hand from hers. Hermione shifted on the couch so her back pressed into the arm and she could face her friend better. "Look, even if we took Theo out of the equation, how can you expect me to agree knowing full well how repulsive you think vagina's are."

"Whoa!" Harry pulled his laptop screen down, pausing his work as he turned to face her with raised brows. "I thought we agreed we would never talk about that night, ever again!"

"Haha! Hardly. You tried to swear me to secrecy after I helped cleaned up your sick the next morning, and no amount of cheesecake from Hagrid's is going to make me want to not tease you about it."

"Ugh...I still can't show my face in Flitwicks," Harry groaned, his fingers sliding under the thick plastic rim of his glasses so he could pinch the bridge of his nose.

"Because of your drunken confession to an entire bar, or puking all over their coatroom?" Hermione questioned, doing little to stifle her laughter as she watched her friend visible pale at her words.

"Is both an option?" Harry groaned as he adjusted his frames back into place, emerald eyes flashing over. "Look, fine. I won't help you through your heat—"

"Good, because I was never going to allow you." Hermione interrupted.

"Excuse me, rude." Harry rolled his eyes as he lifted a single finger towards her. "Let me finish. What I was saying...I won't help you through your heat, but you really ought to sign up for that heat matching website."

"I'm sorry, what?" Hermione's brow knit as she narrowed her eyes at Harry in confusion. Heat Matching website? How was it she was the bloody Omega and has never heard of this before.

"Yes, you know. Findr?"

"Uh...no, I don't know." Hermione pushed off the arm of the couch, shifting closer to Harry when he opened his laptop and began hurriedly typing away.

"It's like Grindr, but for demi-humans."

"And I'm supposed to know what Grindr is?"

"Oh fuck me. I'm sorry I forgot my best friend is a fucking grandma." Harry sighed a bit more dramatically than necessary. "It's an app—and website for hooking up. But in your case, it helps pair Alphas and Omegas for their heat cycle." Harry explained as he turned the laptop towards her.

The screen held an image of the Alpha and Omega symbols on a blue background. Underneath the slogan '*A Heat is a terrible thing to waste*' stood in bold white font. Testimonials from users scrolled beneath the slogan, nearly all of which singing the company's praises for helping find a partner to carry them through their heat.

Her fingers trembled as she took the laptop from Harry and she set it on her thighs as she began to scroll down the page with a growing curiosity. This was...well, perfect. The idea of going through her heat was already terrifying, but add in the prospect of going through it alone? That was simply too much and she wasn't exactly in a position to proposition anyone to help her.

This site, Findr, could help her find someone who might know exactly what they were doing. Although sleeping with a complete stranger was not on her top ten list of things to do within the next two weeks, it sounded a hell of a lot better than fucking some plastic knot in her bedroom.

"Theo's friend...he's used this?" Hermione questioned curiously and her eyes flickered over the computer screen toward her best friend.

"Oh yeah, loads of times." Harry said with a small wave of his hand. "Helped him keep his wits about him at the hospital. He's had accidental ruts triggered by unsuppressed Omega's seeking medical assistance and even found last minute matches."

That was...oddly comforting.

"Do you mind if I..." Hermione's voice trailed off as she selected the *sign up here* link, and the computer screen flipped to the next page.

"Oh, not at all." Harry pulled his feet from the coffee table and he pushed up off the couch, his arms lifting above his head as he stretched his spine. "I'm going to make a toastie, want one?"

"No, but I'd love some water, if you don't mind." Hermione didn't even bother looking up from the screen as she began to fill out the information.

Name: Hermione Granger

Age: 24

Status: Omega

Interested In:

Hermione paused, her mouse hovering over the drop down menu as she looked over the choices with raised brows.

Alpha Male
Alpha Female
Omega Male
Omega Female
Beta Male
Beta Female

Her tongue swept across her bottom lip as she debated the choices. While she didn't have a genuine interest in women, this wasn't supposed to be about dating, right? This was about getting her through her heat, and regardless of what sex the Alpha was, they would be able to help her—right? Biting her bottom lip. She selected the two Alpha choices, telling herself it would only increase her odds of finding someone.

The remaining questions felt almost clinical, asking about her heat history, when her next expected cycle was, what forms of birth control she was using (thank god for the implant) and when her last STD screening was. By the time she got down to the important questions, the ones where she had to tell potential suitors about herself and pick out her profile photo, Harry sauntered back into the room with a water bottle tucked under his arm and a mouthful of toastie.

"OOH!" He said excitedly from over her shoulders, practically yanking the laptop off her lap as he dropped the bottle on the couch next to her. "I get to do this part."

"What?! No way!" Hermione reached to take back his laptop, but Harry swatted away her hands as he settled back on the couch. "Harry, come on, this isn't funny."

"I'm not laughing, am I?" He questioned, his fingers already fast at work writing her biography. "You're shit at these things, okay? Let me help and if you absolutely hate it, feel free to change it."

Hermione crossed her arms over her chest, her lips pursing as she watched him at work. Resigning herself to simply deleting the profile later tonight if what he wrote was absolutely trash.

It took Harry ten minutes to finish her bio, and before she could ask to review it, he hit the create button on the page before returning the laptop with a triumphant.

On the computer screen sat her Findr profile page. The picture he'd selected was decent—thank god, because he had a plethora to choose from that were less than flattering. In it, she was sitting outside their favorite cafe, The Leaky Cauldron, with a large white coffee mug. She wore a smile that stretched wide across her lips, and her eyes were focused off camera, likely on the waiter who was approaching with their meal. It had been taken in the middle of summer, so the low cut burgundy tank top showed a decent amount of her skin without seeming overly offensive.

Taking the laptop from Harry, Hermione let it rest against her thighs as she began to scroll down the page, reading the short biography in which Harry outlined her personality to a tee. Headstrong, but open minded. Organized Chaos, with a splash of impulsivity. He didn't touch

on her past—only alluding to having a string of off and on again boyfriends and no family within the area.

But it was the last part of the page that brought a smile to her lips, and remind her that while he was a complete pain in the arse—Harry really did know her far better than anyone else. And maybe his honest assessment of her personality, quirks and all, would help her find a match that would be well suited for her heat in two weeks.

Favorite Film: Pride and Prejudice (NOT the Keira Knightly travesty. Colin Firth's Darcy trumps everyone else.)

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It'd been two days since she'd signed up for Findr and she'd received numerous messages from local Alpha's. While this should have been great news, she quickly came to realise that these types of dating (or in her case, heat pairing) apps were not exactly chocked full of the best Alpha stock that London had to offer.

Some began innocently enough, with friendly hellos and asking her how her day went. Those greetings prompted a profile review, and in every case she's found a reason to immediately disqualify the Alpha from her non-existent potential candidate pool.

BroodyChemist was far too old and rather grumpy looking. He'd also mentioned a strong dislike for cats on his profile and that simply wouldn't do.

Then there had been BestWeasleySon79 and while his profile wasn't terrible, he only wrote IN ALL CAPS. What sort of sociopath does that?! Certainly not one she wanted to meet up with and shag.

By the time she turned down FireStarter69's requests for assistance, despite his overly aggressive and enthusiastic approval in her inbox, she was beginning to lose faith that Findr might actually solve her problem.

Which is how she found herself laying on her stomach in bed, browsing through the reviews on heat-verified sex toys to debate if she needed a six vibration setting toy, or if four settings would meet her needs. "Six just seems excessive." She said aloud, glancing up to her aging feline that lay curled beside her on the bed. "There's no need to be greedy, right? It's just a heat."

Chime!

The tinkle of bells pulled her eyes away from the judgemental pet, who had cracked open a yellow eye at her curiously and back down to her phone. A notification splashed across her page, letting her know she's received another message on her profile.

Rolling onto her bed, Hermione lifted the phone over her face as she switched to the app, prepared to at least find some humor in the poor schmuck who was messaging her a week and a half before her heat. What she was not expecting was the message she'd received.

Two4One: *For someone who claims a romance novel as their favorite book, I am surprised to see you disenfranchised enough with the idea of finding a proper partner and putting up a profile.*

Her brows rose at the message and she lay dumbfounded for a moment.

Was this guy fucking with her? Who the hell did he think he was! Not only insulting her taste in literature, but also taking a dig at her having a profile on the site. Which would have been almost funny considering he was messaging her *from the bloody site*, but all she could focus on was his snarky comment.

Rolling back to her stomach, Hermione pushed up on her elbows before typing out a quick reply.

FrizzyBookworm: *First off, I would hardly classify Little Women as romance. While yes, the book does have romance in it's plot, it's a coming of age tale that all young girls ought to read so they can understand that we are not defined by the people we choose to be with—especially men.*

FrizzyBookworm: *Second, my reasons for joining should be rather obvious. I find it hard to believe that anyone searching for an actual relationship would use a bloody sex app. Your intention to not only slut-shame me, but also nag me for my fantastic taste in literature failed, so why don't you kindly go fuck off.*

Hermione let out a small harumph as she hit send on her last message, and she stuck out her tongue at the tiny little picture of Two4One that sat in the upper panel of their chat window.

Two4One: *Slut shame? I think you might have misinterpreted my message. Perhaps we can start again?*

Two4One: *Hi. I'm glad to see someone list something other than a dreadful self-help book, or a children's novel as their favorite book. Thank you for pursuing reading beyond the seventh grade.*

Oh...

Wow.

She was an arse.

Her fingers hovered over the keys on her phone as she tried to figure out the best way to explain away her near instant irritability. Technically speaking, she didn't owe this interest stranger an explanation—he didn't know her. And she highly doubt he'd remember her face if they ever did cross paths in real life.

Two4One: *Don't worry about saying sorry. I saw the date on your profile. I understand how irritable you must feel. I should have been more direct with my message.*

Irritable didn't even begin to classify the subtle shift in her personality. She'd yelled at Harry for putting butter on toast incorrectly this morning for christ sake. Irrational was more like it.

FrizzyBookworm: *Well, I'm glad your not expecting an apology, because I won't give one. I stand by my statement. Little Women is not a romance novel.*

Two4One: *Duly Noted.*

Two4One: *What are your thoughts on Romeo & Juliet, then?*

FrizzyBookworm: *You mean a poorly written play about teenage suicide?*

Two4One: *I knew I'd like you. :)*

A strange flutter of warmth burst in her stomach at the message, and she had to physically bite her bottom lip to suppress a smile. Rationally, she didn't give a shit if this person 'liked' her or not, this was not why she'd made the profile. But something in the back of her mind—something unexplainable and biological purred at the idea of an Alpha finding some sort of praise-worthy part of her personality.

With no plans for the late afternoon—beyond finishing the leftover Thai food before Harry got to it first, Hermione laid in her bed, alternating between messaging the curious stranger and talking with Crookshanks about said stranger.

It wasn't until her stomach grumbled nearly two hours later that she forced herself into the kitchen to re-heat the Prik King that she realised she hadn't even looked at his profile once during their conversation.

Two4One: *Was your quest for left-overs successful, or do I have to send over a pizza to make sure you eat?*

FrizzyBookworm: *They're in the microwave now. No need to send provisions.*

Two4One: *Good girl.*

Hermione leaned against countertop, letting it bite against her back as a slow grin spread across her lips at his reply. Whoever this guy was—he was good. She wasn't normally so easily inthrawled, especially by a complete stranger on the internet, but something about him instantly drew her in and she found herself wanting to know more about the mysterious Two4One.

What did he look like? Not that it mattered at this point, because truth be told she wasn't particularly vain. As long as he had a pleasant face, and a kind smile, she'd be happy with anywhere he might fall on the attractiveness scale. After all—this was just to get her through her first heat, right?

Nothing more.

With curiosity getting the better of her, Hermione quickly tapped on the little picture icon in the corner of their direct message and she allowed her mind to drift to thoughts of the stranger, wondering what he'd look like. Did he have blond hair, or perhaps dark brown? She'd always been partial to the tall dark and handsome type, but then again, she'd be willing to let him change her mind on that preference if needed.

With an open mind, and a small tingle of desire already beginning to burn low in her belly, she waited for his profile to load anxiously.

His main photo seemed innocent enough.

It was of two men, standing side by side in some Mediterranean looking village. The turquoise blue waters provided a beautiful backdrop, and the gray stone path was a nice contrast to the setting sun.

One man had shoulder length black hair that appeared to have a healthy smattering of gray mixed in. He wore a pair of reflective aviator sunglasses over his eyes and had a smile that did funny things to her labido. His skin was bronze—like some sort of Grecian God, and through the white shirt he wore she could barely make out the outline of inky black tattoos.

Beside him was a man equally as handsome. It was as if there had been some sort of casting call for 'middle aged male models' that both had attended just to snap this photo. His cheeks and chin were covered in a thick layer of facial hair that instantly made her mouth water, and his sandy blonde hair had been casually smoothed back across his head. Even at the distance the photo was taken, Hermione could make out the distinct outline of a scar that ran over his left eye. Faded and iridescent, it's age let her know it had likely been there for almost his whole life, but it did not deter from his attractiveness. If anything, it actually heightened his appeal.

Now which of these two was Two4One?

Truth be told, she wouldn't really mind if he was either. They both held distinctly different sorts of appeal. Because this was based on physical attraction alone and all she needed to do was shag this person, not marry them, she was perfectly fine admitting she'd be willing to let either of them bed her through her heat.

With her prospects looking up, she quickly began to thumb through the small set of photos he'd attached to his profile. Her brow furrowed and she heard the microwave's shrill beep letting her know her food was finished, but she stayed rooted in place. Every photo on this profile held pictures of *both* men.

The two of them lounging in some sort of cafe.

The two of them standing arm in arm at a museum.

The two of them shirtless on the beach—she made a mental note to revisit this one later.

But despite the growing appeal of seeing two rather handsome men together, there was something alarming about the fact that not a single photo contained just one of them, letting her know who was on the other side of the screen.

She scrolled through the photos again, trying to see if there was anything that would discern who he was, but instead of any definitive answer, she noticed something more peculiar. The men in these photos, aside from being alarmingly handsome, were...a couple. The way they stood next to one another wasn't like one would saddle up beside a friend for some obligatory photo. No, they would lean against each other. The taller one with dark hair would almost possessively wrap his arm around the smaller, scruffy man's waist. His hand at his hip—far to fucking low to be anything but the hold of a lover.

"Holy shit." Hermione breathed, her eyes widening and she nearly dropped her mobile.

The flash of a new message from Two4One flared to life across the top of her screen and her stomach clenched as a flare of guilt sprang to life in her chest. Impulsively she tossed her iPhone across the counter and watched it skittered until it slammed against her toaster.

"No, no, no." Hermione mumbled to herself, her hands lifting and she sunk her fingers into her hairline. She was many things. Impetuous, headstrong, and she'd even own the know-it-all bit, but being a home wrecker was not a descriptor she wanted to add to her resume.

As the microwave screamed at her once more, she quickly jammed her fingers in the release button and retrieved her left-overs before closing it with a definitive smack. She just needed to ignore him, and maybe he'd go away. Nevermind the fact that he was literally the only person that had messaged her that seemed at least remotely interesting. Nevermind the fact that he could be one of two stupidly handsome men. Nevermind the fact she could literally feel the slick trickle down her thighs at the thought of letting either one of them help her through her heat.

She wasn't going to give in.

She wasn't going to message him.

The rest of her day went by slowly. She focused her efforts on doing household work she typically abhorred in favor of ignoring the occasional chime from her phone that echoed out of her bedroom.

She shared a scant meal of chips and salsa—because no matter what Harry insisted, it *was* a bloody meal, and ran herself a bath.

With a bottle of pinot noir, her hair piled onto the top of her head and steaming water ready to soak the tell-tale ache of her upcoming heat from her body; Hermione sequestered herself away in the bathroom and prepared to stream the latest episode of Geordie Shore on her mobile. It was her guilty pleasure—not even one that Harry knew about but dammit if she wasn't hooked. There was something so lovely about the mind numbing quality of the show. Well that, and she liked watching it because as fucked up at her life could be, by all accounts she had her shit together in comparison to the folks on that show.

The hot water lapped against her aching bones as she began to flip through her apps on her mobile mid-drink, and just as lowered her thumb to select the proper app, a notification from Findr flared across her phone and she connected with the direct message.

Two4One: *So, am I to assume that you've been too busy to return my messages all day, or you got spooked by something on my profile?*

Two4One: *Because I can assure you, the poor joke about not sharing chocolate was only meant in jest.*

Nearly instantly she could feel her throat tighten and she slowly lowered her glass from her lips.

Perhaps it was her upcoming heat.

Or maybe the glass of wine she'd finished before she sunk in the tub.

Or maybe—just maybe, she was a fucking idiot.

But either way, she set her glass down on the side of the tub before she leaned back against the porcelain as she began her reply.

FrizzyBookworm: *Perhaps a bit of both.*

FrizzyBookworm: *For reference, I'm not a chocolate fan. I prefer caramel.*

Two4One: *Well that's good, because in all actuality I would never share my chocolate. I was just trying to lure you back in.*

Hermione let out a snort, the corners of her lips curling upwards despite telling herself she wasn't going to give into whatever sort of charm this man threw her way.

Two4One: *Did you have any questions that I might be able to answer to help ease your concern?*

Ahhh...yes. Right to the point, wasn't he?

Sticking her toes out of the water, Hermione propped her feet up on the top of the tub as she sank down a bit lower into the steamy bath, her mind swirling to think up the best way to respond. She could just tell him she wasn't interested—or that she'd found someone else to help her through her heat, but she had a strange feeling he might be keenly aware of her deceit. She'd spent the better part of four hours conversing with him to suddenly ghost. It didn't take a bloody rocket scientist to figure out what the problem might be.

FrizzyBookworm: *That depends.*

Two4One: *On?*

FrizzyBookworm: **You're ability to be honest with me.**

Two4One: *I've never been accused of being unscrupulous before, and I don't suspect I have any intentions to start now...especially when talking to a pretty woman.*

Her thighs pressed together subconsciously and she bit the inside her cheek. He was *very* good. Fuck.

FrizzyBookworm: *Which one are you in your photos?*

Two4One: *Ahhh. So you finally looked.*

Two4One: *Now I understand why you stopped responding. Are we that obvious?*

FrizzyBookworm: *Don't avoid answering the question.*

Two4One: *I'm the one with the beard.*

Her inner Omega practically purred. So he was the one with the kind green eyes, and the scars. Her teeth sunk into her bottom lip as she let her mind wander to thoughts of what it might feel like to run her fingers across his stubble, or through his cropped sandy blond hair, and she could feel the slick began to trickle against her thighs before dissipating into the hot water surrounding her.

Two4One: *Though, I feel obligated to let you know that we are a package deal.*

Her heart nearly lodged in her throat and she reread the message three times for accuracy. Both? Them both? As in? No—There was no way, right?... He had to be referring to something else, anything else? Like his partner would be present *if* they met up—which technically speaking, she still didn't know if she wanted to!

FrizzyBookworm: *Come again?*

Two4One: *Package deal.*

Two4One: *As in we both would help during your heat...should you still require an Alpha.*

Hermione leaned forward and snatched up her wine glass, nearly knocking it to the floor in her hurry and she took two large gulps—draining the pinot inside. She didn't need to look in the mirror to know the flush that stained her cheeks and was rapidly spreading across her neck was not due to the warmth from the water.

Jesus Christ. She'd signed up to find *an* Alpha. As in singular. As in one cock, and now she was suddenly presented with the possibility of two!? She'd never been with two men before—but had she thought about it? Of course, she was a twenty four year old woman for Christ's sake, but... to be presented with the opportunity—and so fucking casually. It was almost too much to wrap her mind around.

FrizzyBookworm: *I've never been with an Alpha before...I'm not sure how two would work.*

FrizzyBookworm: *Logistically speaking.*

Opting for honesty, Hermione held her breath as she watched the little chat bubbles appear, letting her know he was typing a response. Diverting her eyes, she picked the bottle of wine up from the floor just outside the tub and quickly poured herself a full glass, not ending until the red liquid was nearly at the rim. She didn't necessarily plan on polishing off the whole bloody bottle tonight, but clearly the universe had different plans for her.

Two4One: *Well...logistically speaking, there are very creative ways we can make sure you're taken care of.*

Her body gave an involuntary reaction of need and she practically purred at the idea. Taken care of. They'd take care of her. She needn't worry—Alpha and his mate would help her. Give her what she needed. Make everything better.

Two4One: *But you need not worry about dealing with two Alpha's. My husband is the only Alpha in our relationship. I'm a Beta.*

Hermione's brow rose, nearly meeting her hairline at the interesting turn of events and she took another long pull from her glass, her index finger tapping a soft tinkling rhythm against the stem.

FrizzyBookworm: *Have you two done this before?*

Two4One: *We've humored the idea. I knew eventually one day he might need to...indulge with an Omega to keep his wits about him. His ruts only recently became something I cannot help relieve. We agreed to do this together, for his sake and my own.*

She'd spent enough time in high school biology to understand just exactly what Two4One had meant without pressing. Alpha's required Omega's. It wasn't just love that dictated who they ended up with—but rather biology. Although technically Alpha's could bond, and clearly marry a Beta, there was a physical barrier that a Beta would never be able to fulfil for them. One that an Omega was literally designed for.

FrizzyBookworm: *So, this would be his first time?*

Two4One: *With an Omega? No. Sharing an Omega with me, yes?*

FrizzyBookworm: *With a woman?*

Two4One: *It's been a number of years, but I can assure you...your needs will be more than adequately met.*

Two4One: *Does this mean you're interested?*

Two4One: *In both of us?*

Hermione took another mouthful of wine and she leaned back into the tub, letting her head rest against the hard porcelain as she tried to calm her body down. Instinct was telling her to accept. That the Alpha and his mate would take great care of her. They'd give her what she needed. They'd provide.

But logically, she wasn't dumb enough to think sleeping with a married Alpha might not result in anything but complications. She wasn't looking for a relationship—or fucking love, but blimey, she certainly wasn't looking to be the cause of breaking up someone's marriage either. She'd heard about about threesomes from her more vivacious friends to know that sometimes a person felt left out. And while in the throws of her heat, she wasn't sure she nor his Alpha would be able to help themselves.

But then again, despite the hesitation, and the primal cry for her to just give in, Hermione felt a small tinkle of curiosity nag at her.

What if it did work?

What *if* this was literally the perfect scenario?

No complicated emotions.

No potential romance.

In and out. Five days of mid-blowing sex and a hand shake and she could go about her life.

Until the next heat, of course.

But that was a problem nearly four months in the making—and more importantly, one she could neglect.

FrizzyBookworm: *Let's not rush into things. I'm not sure how I feel to be honest. I don't even know your real name...or your husbands for that matter.*

Two4One: *Those are problems I can rectify immediately.*

His response was quick. Almost as if he's anticipated her answer.

Two4One: *My name is Remus, and my husband's name is Sirius.*

Two4One: *As far as rushing into things goes, based on the date on your profile, we're rather limited on the niceties that we might have been afforded weeks ago.*

Two4One: *That being said: we still have **some** time. How about we meet for dinner? There's a bistro not too far from my office that serves excellent crepes...the wine selection isn't too bad either.*

Two4One: *How does 7pm on tomorrow sound?*

Hermione let out an audible groan, her eyes closing shut and she pressed the top of her phone against her forehead. This was all moving so quickly and was way more complicated than she expected. How had she progressed from *one* Alpha to a bloody married couple.

Harry would absolutely murder her if he found out—and quiet frankly, she wouldn't blame him. She'd was already beginning to question her own sanity.

Lowering the phone back to both hands, she took a deep breath as her thumbs punched out a message she might not be brave enough to send if she wasn't already three drinks in.

FrizzyBookworm: *Sounds perfect. Message me the address and I'll be there.*

Her heart hammered wildly beneath her ribs as she watched the chat bubbles appear once more, and she chewed on the inside of her cheek as she awaited his reply.

Two4One: *Excellent. Sirius will be glad to meet you instead of staring at your pictures.*

Two4One: *As will I, of course.*

Two4One: *Oh, and one more thing. What's your name? It's only fair since you know ours now.*

FrizzyBookworm: *Hermione.*

Two4One: *Beautiful name for a beautiful woman. Should have known.*

Two4One: *Well, rest up, Hermione. Let me know if we can answer any questions between now and tomorrow...or fulfill any needs you might have in the meantime.*

Chapter End Notes

Anyone wanna ask me how much chill I have? Because apparently it's none.

until next time. xx

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The gland at the side of her neck ached. Thanks to years of suppressants, she'd never once felt the painful pulse of an unmedicated heat. And now that it was rapidly approaching, Hermione vaguely wondered how she'd make it through the week alive.

Her skin already felt aflame. Even putting on the sundress she opted for on this cold fall morning felt tortuous. She could feel every fiber rub against her skin, as if the weft were a brillo pad grating her skin instead of soft cotton.

Her hand rose to cup her neck, her index and middle finger pressing soft strokes against the aching gland that sat just on the side of her neck below her ear in a feeble attempt to alleviate some of the pain as she drummed her fingers impatiently against the table top as she waited for Remus and his husband to show up.

The day had been spent with little communication between her and Remus. He checked in on her in the morning, offering to send her some lunch via a delivery service when he found out she was feeling unwell—which was kind but not necessary, as she already had packets of months old top ramen hidden in her back cupboard. And then, as evening approached, he made sure to confirm their meetup.

She'd visited his profile on Findr more times than she would ever admit, casually flicking through his photos and re-reading every detail Remus has listed on the page. She wondered if the answers he'd given to his favorites applied to both him and Sirius, or if since he was running the app, the answers were his alone.

She might have even tried—unsuccessfully, to find either man on Facebook, Twitter, or Tumblr. It wasn't that the photo series on Findr wasn't enough to provide her with plenty of fantasy building material, but rather she wanted to know more about the couple.

What type of men were they? Was she walking into a trap where they'd kidnap her and do filthy things to her until she begged for release? Would they torture her? Maybe, if she was lucky, she'd just get a nice warm meal before they put her in the back of their sex deviant van—because all sexual deviants had to own a van. It was in their bloody code of conduct or something.

Shifting on the too hard bench seat, Hermione crossed and uncrossed her legs as her eyes snapped to the front door when the chime signaling the front door opening rung out just a little too loudly for comfort. Her breath caught in her throat, near instant anxiousness filled her to her core, but when the door swung shut to reveal a petite blonde woman, a wave of disappointment washed over her.

She could feel slick trickle between her thighs, and she let out a soft curse under her breath as she wiggled in her seat once more to find comfort. She'd changed her knickers twice already

since dressing for this date—or was it a business meeting, since technically she wasn't dating either man. Regardless of its official title, all Hermione knew was that her body was preparing for a rapidly approaching heat with an unneeded enthusiasm.

Her glands were aching and her sex practically dripped with need. She'd only read textbook passages on these involuntary reactions, and once thought they didn't sound *so* bad. But now that she was clearly needing a third change of knickers for the day, she was ready to retract her previous said statements and pray that the Alpha-Omega gods—whomever they might be, took pity on her.

Snatching her phone from the table, Hermione pressed her thumb on the unlock button before quickly opening her Twitter app. She scrolled aimlessly through her feed, trying to ignore the pulsating gland in her neck, as well as the heat that was blossoming between her thighs at the mere thought of the two men she was about to meet.

Lost in tweets and comments that littered her screen, Hermione didn't notice the door's chime, nor the approaching men, until it was too late to prepare herself.

The scent hit her first.

It was primal. Heady. Thick, and practically visceral, and her inner Omega nearly keened at just the scent. She could feel her cheeks flame and her eyes drifted closed as she took in a slow, long breath. She could taste it on her tongue. Polished leather, campfire smoke, and tobacco. It smelt like home, if home was in the arms of an Alpha how would make you feel complete.

"Hermione?"

Hermione's mouth slammed shut, and she pressed her lips together before cracking open her eyes.

Oh Mary Mother of Jesus. Instantly, slick pooled in her knickers, absolutely *ruining* her chances of making out of this bistro in dry clothing. She silently prayed that she wouldn't leave a fucking puddle on the seat.

They were handsome—like model quality handsome. Far more fucking handsome than the grainy photo's she'd masterbated to earlier made them out to be.

"Hi." Hermione squeaked, her voice hitting an octave she wasn't aware she could and she nervously cleared her throat before rising from the booth. She cast a quick glance over her shoulder to make sure the bench seat was still pristine as her hands smoothed against her sundress against her thighs. "Remus, I presume?"

Remus' smile spread across his face, and a perfect set of pearly white teeth flashed in her direction. "You look stunning. Not that your photo didn't highlight your beauty—but wow." Remus said, making no move to hide his assessment of her with a slow drag of his eyes before he moved in closer towards her.

His arms wound around her waist, pulling her body against his in a quick hug as he brushed his lips across her cheek. She could feel the tickle of his beard against her skin, which only seemed to further ignite the fever that had taken hold of her body since last night.

Her heart hammered against her chest so wildly, Hermione was certain it was seconds away from spontaneously combusting. Her body involuntarily leaned into his, and she let her nose drag against his shoulder. That smell—the one that smelt like *home* clung to him. She could barely make out Remus underneath the scent, as it was so intoxicating. He seemed to be covered in whatever this delicious, captivating scent was.

"Doesn't she look lovely, Sirius?" Remus pulled back from her far quicker than Hermione was prepared to allow him, and as he released her, his fingers brushed across her hips. He stepped back, letting his hand linger in a gesture towards her as he craned his neck to face his husband.

"Yes. Very lovely."

Alpha Alpha Alpha

His voice was like butter, instantly penetrating her and making her knees quake. This was the Alpha—*her Alpha*. Instinct made her want to run into his arms and rub against his body. She wanted to scent him, to claim him as her own and demand he take care of her. Instinct told her to forgo this friendly chat and go home with him immediately.

But logic prevailed.

At least for now.

"Thank you." Hermione extended her hand towards Sirius, her lips curling in a shy smile as she took a half step towards him. "I...uh. I don't think we've officially met."

Sirius' eyes were nearly black, with just the tiniest hint of gray surrounded his blown pupils as he cleared his throat. Almost as if he was trying to reel himself back in before he took her hand in his. "No we haven't. But I've been reading your conversations with Remus, so it feels as if I already know you."

His hand stayed clasped around hers longer than needed, and she felt his thumb drag across her knuckles, the seemingly innocent gesture sent shockwaves of desire burning through her.

Alpha's pleased. He likes you. He likes that you're nice to his mate. Be good for Alpha. Be good for his Beta.

"How about we take a seat, huh?" Remus suggested after what felt like an eternity of Hermione staring into Sirius' black eyes, losing herself to the gravity that was this Alpha.

Slipping her hand from Sirius', Hermione gave a quick nod of her head before she reclaimed her spot in the booth, hands smoothing the skirt of her dress down so it didn't ride up as she slid in.

Much to her surprise, Remus opted to slide in beside her. His arm braced over the back of the booth, his fingertips resting just on the other side of her shoulder as he flashed her a comforting grin before turning to watch his husband take the spot across from her.

Hermione's hands curled in her lap, her fingers fidgeting with each other as she looked between the men, unsure of what to say, or how to proceed without looking like an utter fool or giving into this foreign desire that burned so brightly within her. "I...I don't really know how this sort of thing goes." She admitted when Sirius picked up the laminated menu—a pange of disappointment blooming inside her to have lost his interest.

"To be honest, neither do we." Remus admitted on behalf of both of them, a small trickle of laughter slipping from his lips and she watched his cheeks dust pink beneath the sandy blond beard that hide his cheeks. "But I looked up some stuff online today while at work."

"At the University?" Sirius glanced up from his menu, gray eyes peering over the top at his husband and his lips quirked to the side. "And the IT department didn't come running?"

"I tethered my phone to my laptop, darling." Remus said with a wave of his hand. "I might be old, but I'm not incompetant."

"Could have fooled me." Sirius replied slyly before his eyes drifted back to Hermione and he gave her a quick wink before turning his attention back to the menu in his hand. The interactions between the two were comforting, knowing the pair had an ease to the repore, and that her temporary presence in their lives wasn't going to disrupt their love for one another. It made her uncertainties about the whole affair seem trivial—at best.

"*Anyways*—" Remus said with an exaggerated roll of his eyes before angled himself to face Hermione better. "I read some articles that suggested we should agree to ground rules...basically a set of guidelines for us to follow during your heat. "

Guidelines. Rules. Hermione liked rules—she'd always enjoyed knowing her boundaries. Sure, at times she liked to toe the line, but more often than not she'd followed the rules. And if her Alpha was setting them with her, then she'd make certain to follow them. Because if he was pleased with her, maybe he'd give her what she needs. What she desires.

Make Alpha happy. Follow the rules.

"Sounds smart." Hermione's hand moved up and she drug her fingers across her gland once again, trying to relieve the throbbing pain that had begun to plague her as soon as Sirius and Remus walked in the room. "What sort of rules do you suggest?"

"Well...is there anything your not comfortable with?" Remus questioned, casting a polite glance at her through his thick eyelashes before he glanced down at the menu he'd picked up from the table. He was trying his best to appear casual about this whole thing, but even through the haze of her upcoming heat, Hermione could note the edge of eagerness that peppered his voice.

"Erm...I don't think so. I've tried just about everything and I'm not really opposed to much." Hermione replied, her eyes lifting towards the ceiling in thought—as if she might be able to

pull memories to the forefront of her mind if she just looked hard enough.

"So you're comfortable with *everything*?" Remus questioned, this time putting emphasis on the end of his question, his brow cocking at her.

"I think so. Is there something you have in mi—"

"He's referring to anal, Hermione." Sirius' direct candor penetrated the fog around her brain, nearly causing her to jump. "I think more specifically if you'd be willing to have us both at the same time."

Alpha wants to share. It's okay. Alpha will be pleased. Alpha likes sharing with his Beta.

Hermione could feel her eyelids grow heavy as the improper thought of allowing them both to share her at the same time overtook her fantasies. She imagined herself sandwiched between them, their bodies pressed so tightly against hers that she could barely breathe as the slow push and pull from their cocks brought her ever closer to finding release.

"Oh." Was the only reply she could manage.

"If you're not comfortable, we understand!" Remus rushed out quickly, his eyes widening just enough to convey the concern he felt about possibly scaring her off. "I didn't mean to—"

"Yes," She interrupted, her fingers curling nervously into little fists as she looked up to Remus, trying her best to not let the idea of them sharing her overtake all sense of reason, because where it stood, she'd be willing to let them ravish her on the bloody table that sat between them if they asked. "Yes, I'd be...willing to try that."

Remus' mouth stayed open, as if frozen mid-thought and he blinked in surprise before the words sunk in. He turned to look at Sirius, a slow stretching grin spreading across his lips before he cleared his throat. "Good...that's good to hear."

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Sirius' hold on his menu tight, crinkling the laminated paper. That was a good sign right? Her Alpha was pleased with her answer?

Hermione nodded in agreement as she shifted once more on the bench seat, trying to dull her aching joints as best she could. While talk of what she was or was not willing to try with them was titillating, the truth was there would be *very* little she would be unwilling to try and even then, she doubted she wouldn't give it thoughtful consideration in her current state. That fact, coupled with the fever that was overtaking her; leaving her a quivering mess of nerves and desire, was making it near impossible for her to focus on the task at hand.

They needed to set rules.

Establish an agreement.

She needed to *focus* and not get lost in the way Sirius' scent made her mouth water, or the way Remus sat close enough that his knee's brushed against hers.

"Where...will this happen?" Hermione's question broke the knowing stare that Remus and Sirius shared and she rubbed her lips together nervously. "I...uh. I have my apartment, but I have a roommate, so I don't think we can reasonably go there. I can pay for a hotel for a week."

"Absolutely not." Sirius was the first to speak up, his voice took on an almost authoritative tone that practically forced her into submission. "You'll come to our house."

"I agree." Remus added, drawing her attention back over to him. "We've got plenty of rooms, and at least there we won't have to buy room service."

"Well, then can I give you some money to help pay for some food at least?" Having never experienced a heat herself, Hermione's information about what happened during heats came from textbooks. Yes, there was sex. Lots of sex, but eventually they'd have to eat to retain their strength. Although the meals were supposed to be light, the fact saw they'd have another mouth to feed for the week, and Hermione wasn't looking for a hand out. They were already helping her by agreeing to do this, it was the least she could do.

"I really don't think it's necessary, Hermione, but it's kind for you to offer." Remus said with a small smile.

"No, I insist." Hermione reached for her purse that sat beside her and she quickly fumbled for her wallet, her fingers trembling as she opened it and pulled out some notes and she held them out towards Remus.

"*Omega.*"

Hermione froze, the word cutting through the room and immediately drown the ambient noise of the bistro around here. She could feel her pulse race, the rushing sound of her blood echoing as she drug her eyes away from Remus to look across the table.

Sirius' palms were flat against the table, his jaw set, and the muscles that ran down the column of his throat bulged as he watched her. The look in his eye, wild and reckless, daring her to keep disobeying him. "I am saying this once, and only once. It is *my* job to take care of your needs. *My* job to provide for you during your heat. You will put that money away, and make no more mention of paying for *anything*. Is that understood?"

Hermione nodded slowly, gulping to try and rid herself of the lump that had formed in her throat. "Y-yes." She didn't bother to put the money back in her wallet, instead she just shoved the bills in her purse to mix in with her belongings before she set her purse back down on the seat beside her.

Alpha will take care of you. Alpha will provide. Be good for Alpha.

Her eyes stayed locked on Sirius, as if awaiting an order. She could vaguely see Remus reach across the table to lay his hand on his husbands wrist so he could gently stroke the Alpha's pulse point. The gentle caress brought some relief to the tension that had formed, Sirius' shoulders relaxed just slightly, and a small flare of envy bloomed in her stomach.

She wanted to bring her Alpha relief.

She wanted Remus to touch her like that.

She wanted to be between the two men, giving and receiving such attention. She wanted to be the centre of their bloody universe—giving them pups, providing comfort, and relieving their most wild urges. It was *her* job to make them happy. This is what Omega's were supposed to do.

And where it stood right now, she was failing.

The instinct that drove these feelings was intoxicating to the logical side of her brain. It was making it damn near impossible for her to discern between what made sense—like the fact that she barely knew these men, and that this was literally nothing more than a mercy pairing to help her through her heat cycle, and the fever driven Omega absurdity.

"How much longer do you have, love?" Remus' question pulled her from her thoughts, bringing her back to the moment.

Her heat. That's right.

"Oh..uh...the end of this week. So...four days, I think." Hermione's hand lifted once more to her neck, and she pressed her fingers against her gland, her teeth sinking into her cheek to bit back a whimper that threatened to spill from her lips.

"Okay, that gives me—"

"You're wrong." Sirius interrupted, his voice still low and gravelly. He reached across the table with his hand that wasn't being caressed by his spouse and held it palm up towards her, his eyes flickering to her hand on her neck expectantly.

Hermione hesitated, her brow furrowing until he curled his fingers in a silent call to beckon her to give him her hand. Her body obeyed his silent request before she could ever process what was going on, and she laid her hand in his.

The rough of his palm felt like heaven sliding across her finger tips, and she could have sworn she felt physical relief to the pulsing ache that had grown so painful between her thighs. He gently curled his fingers around her wrist, his index finger and thumb pressing against her pulse point as he slowly turned over her wrist until her palm faced the ceiling.

With a gentle tug, he brought it towards him as he leaned across the table and Hermione let out an audible gasp as his nose drug across the tender skin on her palm and wrist. Her lips parted, heavy breath leaving her in soft gasps as she watched him gather her scent, before his tongue pressed gently against her wrist.

"*Alpha*." Hermione practically keened, her body being pulled into his orbit and if it weren't for the table being a physical barrier between them, she was certain she would have flung herself into his lap. The world around her seemed to fade, her sole focus on Sirius as he licked and nibbled his way across her palm to her fingers.

"You're two day's away, little Omega." Sirius said, his eyes closed as he nuzzled against her hand.

"H-How...How do you know?" Hermione stammered.

Sirius' eyes cracked over, and he slowly released her hand, gently laying it on the table with a soft pat as a wicked grin began to curl the corners of his mouth. "Because I can smell your slick from here..." Sirius whispered, not even bothering to look around him to make sure no one was listening in as he scooted to the edge of his seat, his elbows pressing into the tabletop. "You're already dripping for me, Omega. I don't need to look at a silly little calendar to know you're body is ripe...for me...for us."

Oh sweet Jesus, was it possible to cum just from words alone?

Hermione never considered herself into talking during sex, but the words that came out of the Alpha were better than any drug she'd ever taken, sweeter than any wine she'd sipped. He was literally a walking sex icon, and Hermione was suddenly *very* thankful they'd met in public because had they been anywhere else, she would happily show him just how wet she could make her knickers for him.

"You smell amazing, little Omega...I bet even Remus can scent your heat." Sirius purred, glancing over to Remus with a cocked brow.

Remus, who had been clearly the more composed one of the trio, seemed to crack. His own eyes were dark with desire, pupils blown wide as he looked between his husband and Hermione. His hand rose, fingers brushing against the thick layer of facial hair that Hermione had longed to touch herself and he gave a low cough before picking up the glass of water that sat untouched on the table and he took a quick sip. "I'll contact the school and clear my schedule for the next week," He said as he slowly lowered his glass.

They'll have you. Alpha and his Beta will have you. They want you. They want to take care of you.

"Are you comfortable coming over tomorrow?" Remus looked up from the table and back to Hermione, his fingers running around the rim of his glass of water, clearly still trying to contain his own composure. "That way we can get you set up before it begins."

"I just need to tell my roommate, but that should be fine." Hermione agreed, her voice cracking.

"Great." Remus glanced across the table to Sirius and the pair exchanged a knowing look before he turned his attention back to Hermione who was still silently trying to process what had just happened. "As much as I would like to stay here, and feed you, I think I ought to get this one back home—" He lifted his fingers from his water cup to gesture at Sirius. "—and it sounds like I need to run to the grocery store."

"Right...I should probably get home too." Hermione reluctantly agreed, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip. He was right. She needed to feed Crookshanks, and email out a couple last minute emails to some clients, letting them know she'd be unavailable for the next week. She

thought she'd have more time—but clearly her body wasn't waiting the standard amount of time to initiate her heat.

"Can we walk you out?" Sirius questioned as he slipped from the booth, pulling his wallet from his pocket and he threw some small bills down on the table despite having ordered no food, nor drinks. Clearly, he was sympathetic towards the wait staff, which is not a bad quality. Her Alpha was kind. That was never a bad, maybe he'd take mercy on her and give her exactly what she needed without having to beg.

"Of course." Hermione waited for Remus to slip from the booth before she followed. She pulled her purse over her body, letting the strap rest against the centre of her chest. Remus lead the way through the small bistro, and Sirius took up the rear.

The evening air felt like heaven against her skin, cooling the rising fever that was threatening to render her useless. "So...I'll message you our address." Remus said as he fished his keys from his pocket, glancing over his shoulder towards her.

"Sounds good...do you mind if I give it to my roommate—just in case." In case this ended badly or in case she never wanted to leave and needed her things—Hermione wasn't certain which, but it sounded like the responsible thing to do.

"Not at all." Remus said. "Smart girl. Safety first."

"Heh...right. Safety." The irony in that was not lost on her. She'd just agreed to stay—for a fucking week—in a complete strangers house while she was lost in the haze of her first heat. It wasn't exactly *safe*.

"Where did you park?" Sirius questioned, his hand finding the small of her back.

"I took the metro."

"The metro?" Sirius repeated, and again that Alpha look in his eyes seemed to return. His fingers curled lightly against her lower back, almost possessively before he looked up to Remus. "We'll take her home. She can't ride the bus...not like this."

"Oh it's not a problem. I take the metro all—"

"Do you have any idea what you smell like right now?" Sirius questioned, gray eyes finding hers. "An unbound Omega practically in heat. It's an open invitation for someone to claim you...and I won't have that. No one gets to have you, *but us*."

Hermione's knees quivered, her hands fisting against the strap of her purse and she let out a small noise that was something between a whimper and a squeek. "Yes, Alpha." She replied, the deep-seated use of his designation ingrained into her dna.

"Good girl." Sirius practically purred his praise, his thumb stroking across the dip of her lower back through the thin layer of her dress. "You're such a good listener. Isn't she, Remus?"

"Yes, she is." Remus agreed with a soft chuckle that seemed to radiate joy into her soul.

Yes. Good listener. See, they like it when you listen. When you're a good girl.

The soft chirp of the car unlocking told her the couple drove the Audi that sat in the far corner of the parking lot. When they reached the vehicle, Sirius held open the door to the back seat for her, and made sure she was buckled inside before he moved around to the other side.

Much to her surprise, instead of taking the front passenger seat, Sirius opened the rear door and slipped in opposite of her. A wave of unadulterated bliss washed over her as he settled in beside her and took her hand in his.

Remus didn't seem to mind, only giving the pair a knowing smile before he punched in her address to his GPS. The car ride was silent—thankfully, as Hermione wasn't certain if she'd been able to say much of anything with Sirius' thumb stroking over her knuckles.

If she'd thought his scent was strong in the restaurant, now that they were trapped in a sedan, Hermione wasn't sure she was actually breathing air anymore. Just pheromones and whatever delicious cologne each man wore. Every inhale she could taste Sirius on her tongue, the warm embrace of desire threatening to overtake any resolve she might have had left. That, coupled with the warmth of his hand in hers—she wasn't sure she was going to make it to her flat without burning to ashe in the back seat of their Audi.

She watched the familiar cityscape pass by as they drove in silence, only the soft sound of some talk radio station and the occasional honking of a horn was their ambience. She could feel her fever spike—whether it be from Sirius' scent, or her incoming heat, Hermione didn't know. The neon glow of the city seemed to sparkle like fairy lights, creating small halo's. Hermione pressed her forehead to the cooled glass, and she let her eyes drift closed for a moment.

Two days. He said she had two days.

If that was the case, then why did it feel like everything was getting harder by the second.

The ability to think clearly was rapidly slipping away.

The ache that plagued her entire body grew stronger. Her gland was practically swollen on the side of her neck and nevermind the pulsing desire in her cunt. She was a wreck.

"You alright, Hermione?" Sirius questioned, his whisper thick with concern and just the hint of Alpha know-how.

Hermione lifted her head from the glass and nodded, forcing a small smile to her lips.
"Perfect."

"Do we need to take you to our place?" His question wasn't meant to be sexual, nor a hidden command, and Hermione had to practically physically restrain her inner Omega from begging him to do just that.

"No. I'll be fine. Honest." She gently squeezed his hand before looking out the front windshield. They were close, only a block away from her flat. She gently released Sirius' hand, and almost immediately the loss of his hold had a physical reaction. Her gland felt as if she'd hit it with a hammer, the painful pulse radiating down her shoulders and into her arms. She bit back a whimper in pain, and instead leaned forward to lay her hand on Remus' shoulder gently. "Turn in at the second entrance. It's closer to my flat."

The click of the turn signal pounded in her ears like a snare drum, and when Remus finally pulled up outside her building, Hermione slipped from the vehicle after offering a soft thank you.

"I'll walk you to your door." Sirius said before she could shut the door completely, and he unlatched his seatbelt and slide across the back seat before exiting out of the same side of the vehicle.

Hermione knew better than to argue by now—after all, she'd practically turned belly up for him every time he'd used that Alpha tone with her, and she highly doubted it'd be any different now. Instead she waited on the sidewalk, her hands curled around her purse and she watched as Remus rolled down his window to steal a quick kiss from his partner.

She watched in awe as Sirius cupped Remus' cheek, his fingers slipping through his thick beard, capturing his chin and he pulled the man to him. Remus melted, practically putty in his partner's hands, and Hermione's knees knocked as she rubbed her thighs together to relieve some of the ache.

The kiss was simple—sweet even, but lingered with the promise of more.

Would she get to watch them during her heat? Yes, they would be sharing her, but surely they'd want each other too, wouldn't they?

Just as quickly as it began, Sirius ended their kiss, and he whispered something to Remus she couldn't make out, but she watched as the glow from the redtail lights faded when Remus put the vehicle into park. He was obviously preparing for a bit of a wait and this small detail only made her slick moisten her thighs.

Sirius moved up beside her, approaching with a cocky grin that made her heart skip a beat and he wound his arm around her shoulders., The soft brush of his fingers over her shoulder caused her to shiver as they moved down the walkway towards her building.

Hermione pulled her keys from her purse with trembling hands, and she fiddled them when as they neared her front door. "I suppose I'll see you tomorrow then." she said, as stepped onto her doormat before turning to face him.

But Sirius wasn't interested in pleasantries, nor sweet goodbyes.

As soon as she'd turned toward him he was on her, one hand finding her waist and guiding her back against the cold metal of her front door while the other slipped into the side of her hair. He angled her face up towards him, dark eyes peering into hers before he leaned in to brush his lips against hers.

Hermione dropped her purse and keys, and pressed her hands against the expanse of his chest. She could distantly make out the sound of Sirius kicking them both away as he moved in closer until his hips were seated so perfectly against hers.

She could feel his stubble against her cheeks as their lips met, the coarse hair rubbing her skin raw in the most delicious way possible. Her fingers curled into his shirt as his lips parted hers, and his tongue swept into her mouth, brushing—inviting her tongue to come and play.

Sirius kissed her like a man possessed. Like he wanted the very air from her lungs, and would not stop until he'd had his fill, and Hermione was more than happy to oblige. She'd easily give up oxygen if it meant she got to taste his kiss, and feel the weight of his body against hers.

"I've waited...to do this...all night." Sirius growled into her mouth and she could vaguely feel the sensation of the night air bite at her skin as he tugged up the hemline of her dress.

Alpha, Alpha, Alpha.

The rough pads of his fingers brushed across her quaking inner thighs, collecting the slick that already ruined her skin and he swore softly into her mouth before biting at her lower lip. "So fucking wet for me." He pulled back from their kiss, dark eyes watching her face as he stroked two of his fingers across her knicker covered slit. "Such a good Little Omega...so ready...so needy."

Hermione purred—fucking purred, as he stroked her through her knickers. Her lips were parted and she took soft gasps for breath as her hips rocked against his hand. They shouldn't be out here doing this. Anyone would have been able to see. Poor old Ms Sprout could open her door at any moment and get an eyeful. And while the fleeting thought to tell him they should stop entered her mind, it just as quickly vanished as he pulled her knickers to the side and sunk a finger inside her aching core.

"Alpha."

Her nails scratched lightly at his chest as she felt her cunt clench around him, desperate for more, but unwilling to part with what it was given.

"So bloody tight," Sirius growled as he gently began to pump his finger, stroking and massaging her walls to relieve some of the pressure that her incoming heat was causing. "You're going to stretch so good for me, won't you Omega? Your cunt will be so full of my cock....my knot tomorrow."

"Yes." Hermione agreed, her hips canting to keep up with the tortuous pace his hand set.

"You'll take Remus too, won't you? After you're full of my cum, you'll let him fuck you." Sirius leaned in, his chest crushing against hers as his mouth hovered just beside her ear. "You'll beg for more, won't you Omega?"

She could only manage a whimper as she pressed her head back against her door. Her legs quivered, threatening to collapse under her waist as he drew her closer to orgasm with his

fingers and his wicked words. She could feel her slick pour from her, coating his palm and her thigh with each finger stroke, and soon the wet slurp of what he was doing could be heard.

She *should* be embarrassed.

She *should* be ashamed of how reactive her body was, but it only seemed to encourage her Alpha more.

"So fucking good for me." Sirius praised as he slipped a second finger into her tight channel, stretching her around his thick digits. "You're so fucking good, little Omega."

His palm ground into her clit, and with a curl of his fingers, Hermione was done.

She leaned forward, her arms encircling his neck as she buried her face against his shoulder to muffle her scream. Behind closed eyes she saw constellations burst to life, glowing, exploding supernovas that only the strong telescopes could pick up in the universe. Her slick poured down her thighs, nearly hitting her knees as she rode out her orgasm on his fingers, her pussy clenching his fingers, wishing they were his knot instead of his hand.

And when she finally came down from the high of her orgasm, she could make out the feeling of his lips against her temple, and his soft words of praise whispered into her skin as he cradled her to him.

"You're such a good girl, Omega. So good for me...for me and Remus. I'm so proud of you...cumming all over my fingers. What a good girl."

Her inner Omega hummed with approval, and Hermione felt boneless in his hold. She wasn't sure she could stand, let alone walk to her bedroom as she fought to collect her breath. She felt Sirius put her knickers back into place, gently patting her cloth covered cunt before he tugged back down her skirt.

"You go in your flat, and go straight to bed." Sirius instructed, his lips still against her temple. "You need lots of rest Omega, because tomorrow, before I let you take my knot; I want to watch you fuck my husband."

Oh sweet lord. Even though her heart hammered wildly beneath her chest, and she could barely intake enough breath for her brain to be functioning properly, his words brought forth a renewed sense of need.

Whatever Alpha wants. Whatever Alpha needs.

Hermione lifted her head from his chest and looked up at him, watching as he brought his glistening hand to his mouth and he slowly licked the fingers that had been buried deep inside her, deliberately holding her gaze.

She watched his tongue swirl around his fingers, slipping between them to collect as much of her slick from them as possible before he pulled them out of his mouth with a soft *pop!*

"You taste *so* good." Sirius groaned as he dropped his hand from his lips, looking physically pained by not having more to sample. "Maybe tomorrow before you're heat starts, I'll lick your cunt clean. How does that sound? Would you like me between your thighs while Remus fucks your pretty little mouth?"

He was going to kill her. Death by words. Her tombstone would read 'Here lies Hermione. She was a good student, average friend, and horrible Omega. Didn't make it through her first heat'.

Sirius chuckled when the only response he got was a shaky whimper and he leaned in once more, except this time his lips brushed across her brow. "Go to bed, little Omega...be a good girl for me, and I'll give you whatever you want." he whispered against her skin before slowly backing away.

He walked backwards from her porch, likely to make sure she would crumble now that he wasn't holding her upright and Hermione greatly debated going after him and demanding he take her to his house now. She could be a good girl there, couldn't she? Maybe if she was a good girl there, he'd do all those things he promised. He'd help the slowly returning ache between her thighs. Maybe he'd lick her gland, she read somewhere once that if an Alpha licked an Omega's gland that it would help and she was willing to bet his mouth on her neck would solve every single problem she had.

But instead, she bent down and picked up her fallen purse and keys from the doormat, because he'd given her a task. Go inside. Go to bed. Be good. She needed to do those things. She *wanted* to do them for some stupid reason, and she was going to be damned if she disappointed her Alpha before their first night together.

Chapter End Notes

Well, because apparently all I can do is write this fic, HERE YA GO. I hope you like this little precursor to the filth that is sure to follow.

If you haven't already joined my, Ladykenz347 & Ravenlight's group, look up The Restricted Section: Multi & Triad on facebook! We have lots of yummy stories releasing the entire month of October.

Until next time. xx

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

She was supposed to have rested, and in truth, Hermione was exceptionally tired after her and Sirius' little front door heavy petting session, but sleep continued to elude her.

She had taken a cold shower in an attempt to quell her rising fever, but that only brought temporary relief. Her body ached, her gland swelled to the point of being excruciating, and she suddenly felt as if her skin was too bloody tight to be covering her body. She tossed and turned, and by the time dawn's rays broke the night's sky, she was crawling out of bed to brew a very strong pot of tea to get her through the morning.

And if she thought it could not possibly get any worse—she'd been wrong.

She was about halfway through packing the small overnight bag that she was going to take to Sirius and Remus' when the cramps started. They were light at first, nothing more than a tingle low in her abdomen, but within hours she felt the muscle contractions radiate down to her toes.

She could distantly remember mention of cramping in her Demi-Human Biology class in secondary school, but fuck if they didn't make them sound bearable. What she was currently experiencing was something she would never—ever willingly sign up for. The idea of becoming barren didn't seem so bad when she threw up her meager lunch from the pain.

Hours. She had hours till the heat took her, and she could feel her body change to prepare for it.

Her breasts ached as she slid on her bra. Her slick coated her thighs, making wearing knickers impossible, and the fever grew worse.

She halfway debated messaging Remus and telling him they ought to come to her flat, because the prospect of taking the metro or an Uber across town sounded fucking horrendous.

Thankfully, before she could type out an 'S.O.S—please come fuck me in my own bed' message, she'd received one from their shared profile.

Two4One: *I've sent a car for you. They'll be there at one-o'clock with strict instructions to wait outside for you. Travel safe, my little Omega. xx.*

It wasn't hard to figure out which man had written the message, and it only seemed to add petrol to the fire that was burning deep within her belly.

She triple checked her bag for all the necessities. Toothbrush, several pairs of knickers—because at the rate she was going through then, only five days worth would not be enough, and sleep clothes. It wasn't much, and she honestly doubted she'd use any of it, but showing up empty handed felt presumptuous, even considering the circumstances.

When one-o'clock rolled around and a sleek black towncar waited out in the parking lot outside her flat; Hermione sent one final message to Harry reminding him to feed her cat, and that the address for Sirius and Remus' was on the refrigerated door—just incase they were some murderous couple and not some helpful sex gods from the planet Adonis.

Dressed in a pair of denim shorts, flip flops and a plain white shirt, Hermione slipped into the back of the towncar. She knew she was rather underdressed to be driven by a man in a suit and cap, but in this moment she couldn't care.

The oiled leather of the backseat bit angrily into her bared thighs, and the sounds of London's midday traffic was torturous. What should have been a forty minute drive took upwards of an hour and a half, and by the time the driver stopped outside a posh looking townhome in the heart of Chelsea, Hermione was clambering to get out of the too hot vehicle.

She muttered a quick thank you to the driver, not even bothering to allow the man to let her out of the car before she quickly exited, her hand curled tightly around the handle of her overnight bag as she looked up at the brownstone.

The house was...huge.

Far larger than anything Hermione had ever set foot in before. Four stories, with beautiful white windows and wrought iron railing and accented by crimson shutters. She figured they had been wealthy, based on the Audi and how their clothes literally had zero holes or wear and tear to them, but seeing their home—and in *this* neighborhood, Hermione quickly felt not only very underdressed, but slightly out of place.

She told herself it was no big deal. She'd just recently graduated, and was still trying to find a stable job instead of these freelance writing gigs she'd managed to scrounge up since graduating, but as she climbed the steps to their home, noting the potted plants and decorations that adorned the front steps leading up to their beautiful red door, she couldn't help but question why two men—who clearly had their shit together enough to have a bloody Brownstone in Chelsea would want anything to do with someone like her.

Was it *just* her designation?

Because she was a willing Omega on the verge of her heat, or had they possible seen something more?

Before she could even lift her hand to knock on the door, it was opened to reveal a freshly showered Remus. "Hullo, Love." He said with a soft smile that made her insides quiver. His hair was damp with stray strands of his sandy blonde fringe hanging over his forehead. His skin was still pink from the shower's warmth, giving him a glow that felt more alluring than anything else. "How was the trip? Sirius said the traffic report looked dreadful."

"It wasn't bad. Rather long, but that's normal for this type of day, I suppose." Hermione stepped in when he opened the door wider and she allowed him to take her bag without a word of protest. Remus might not be an Alpha, but she was beginning to realise that it was no use arguing with either man—they were both so clearly intent on taking care of her. "Your home is lovely."

Remus looked around, his eyes drifting up the high ceiling of his foyer before he looked back at Hermione. "Thank you. It's been a labor of love. It was Sirius' mother's house and was in a bit of nasty state when we got it." Remus explained. "She was what is commonly referred to as a hoarder. Loads of old family relics and piles of trash. It took years us years to go through it all after she passed away."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I mean, you got a nice place out of it, but losing a parent isn't easy."

"Don't be. She was positively dreadful." Remus said with a wave of his hand after he shut and locked the front door. "Nasty temper and homophobic. We weren't exactly on the Christmas Newsletter List, if you catch my drift. I was honestly shocked Sirius got to inherit the place. Figured she'd give it some distant relative, but...well here we are."

His hand found her lower back, and a jolt of electricity sent shockwaves up her spine. "Oh, Hermione. You're burning up." Remus's breath ghosted across her shoulder and cheek, and Hermione's eyes fluttered closed. "You're close, aren't you?"

From his proximity she caught a whiff of his scent. He was no longer covered in the thick pungent scent of his Alpha, and the musk that emanated from him instantly made her mouth water. He smelled sweet—like butter biscuits fresh from the oven, topped with a pat of honey and a dusting of sea salt.

She turned into his body, her nose inches away from his shoulder as she took in a slow breath through her open mouth, silently wondering if his skin might taste as delicious as his scent was, but just as quickly as the thought filtered past the logical—not heat ridden part of her brain, she realise how bloody inappropriate it would be to just lean out and lick the poor man.

Yes, she was here for help with her heat. And yes, Remus had made it abundantly clear he was interested in assisting, but Christ on a cracker this was complicated. She was still hours away from her heat, still capable of rational, logical and not purely biological thoughts. She couldn't let something as silly as Omega curiosity dictate her life.

"Yeah—" Hermione began with a quick clearing her throat as she stepped away from Remus and further into the living room, putting some physical distance between them before she did something she would regret. "—but I'll be fine."

"Well, how about a quick tour and then you can rest in the guest room?" Remus offered, jade green eyes shining sympathetically at her before he motioned for a staircase that sat on the far side of the room.

"Sure, that would be great." Hermione reached up, her fingers curling around the side of her neck as she smiled meekly at Remus before taking a quiet inventory of the room around her.

It was a quaint sitting room, nothing out of sorts that would make her assume the habitants of this home were nothing more than a normal couple. Pictures of their lives decorated the walls—smiling snapshots from exotic vacations, cook outs with their friends or family, and even professional photos from their wedding. It was a quick, albeit brief, glimpse into their lives that brought forth a little twinge.

"Right this way, love." Remus' voice pulled her from her inspection of the room. He was already at the base of the stairs, one hand on the polish oak bannister and the other still clutching her overnight bag.

Her flip flops slapped loudly against her feet as she moved after him to the second floor. The house really was beautiful. Whomever decorated it truly had an eye for detail. The rich wood work that ran through the entire home was complemented by burgundy carpet runners and rich swaths of gold and black fabric. It radiated warmth in the best way possible, and had she not been so close to losing herself to the madness that was her incoming heat, she might linger and admire the home a bit more.

Remus quickly routed her through the second floor, showing her the study, an updated washroom, the first of what was many guest rooms, and a smoking room converted to a library. She almost—*almost* collapsed in envy at the sight of the overflowing bookshelves, and made a quick mental note to try and revisit the room before her week's stay was over.

The third floor had been much of the same. Tastefully decorated guestrooms, and a music room—this time Remus made mention that it was Sirius' as a means to excuse the clutter.

"And this is your room for the night." Remus said as he swung open the second to the last door at the end of the hall. "Sirius took the liberty of putting some things in here for you already. Water bottles, heating pad and some tylenol. He was very concerned about making you comfortable."

Hermione stepped over the threshold and into a guest room whose size easily rivaled that of her flat's living room. The room was draped in soft blue hues, creating an almost whimsical appeal that was accented by the four poster bed tucked against the far wall. Gossamer cloth dropped from the pillars to the floor, and the white plush bedding made it look like it was out of a dream.

Hermione rubbed her wrists together as she looked around, her brows slowly raising. This was...the nicest room she'd ever seen. Like out of one of those magazines her mum used to read. Modern Home, or something with an equally absurd title. Women like her—normal, average looking woman, didn't get to stay in bedrooms like this without paying for it, let alone be *invited* to stay by two handsome men.

She would wake up at any moment and realise this was all some heat dream. It had to be. It simply couldn't be real.

"One more room to show you, and then you can settle in here until Sirius comes back." Remus walked past her and gently set her bag on the foot of the bed, careful to make sure it didn't roll off before he turned around.

"Where did he go?" Hermione questioned as she stepped aside for him to lead the way when he began across the room.

"He insisted on going to the store to pick up some provisions for your heat. Which, now that I think about it, might be the only time in the last five years he willingly went to the market." Remus said with a small laugh as he slipped out into the hallway and crossed the short distance to door that capped the end of the hallway. "Maybe I ought to keep you around just so he keeps pulling his weight around here."

Alpha wants to care for you. His Beta wants to care for you.

"Heh...maybe." Hermione tried to laugh along with him, but the joke only sent a renewed awakening to the fight she'd been having with herself since she left the Bistro the night before. Her Omega wanted this—wanted them. Not just for this heat, but for forever. She wanted to curl up between the two men, never leave their sides and give them as many pups as her body would allow. Which only seemed to scare the ever living shit out of the part of her that wasn't biologically driven.

She was twenty four. Hardly old enough to settle down, and certainly not old enough to give anyone pups—*children*.

Remus didn't hesitate as he opened the last door and swept inside, not waiting for her to enter first as he had done for all the other doors. "This is our bedroom. I wanted to show it to you incase you needed to find us tonight." Remus explained as he took a seat on the velvet covered bedroom bench that sat in front of his large Santiago bed.

Hermione had thought the room they'd chosen for her was nice, but it paled in comparison to the room they'd claimed for themselves. It was easily the size of her entire flat. Housing a king size bed on one end, a sitting area complete with two wingback chairs, a massive fireplace, and what appeared to be a walkin closet and ensuite bath.

If they brought up a refrigerator and a hot plate, Hermione would literally need nothing more than *this* room for the rest of her life.

The bed looked impossibly soft, with a thick white comforter and countless fluffy white pillows. Her mind instantly snapped back to biology as she looked longingly at it, knowing how perfect it would be to create her nest using the pillows and blankets her Alpha slept in. It would be soft—so soft against her skin, and there would be plenty of room for her to make it big enough for all three of them.

She instinctively took a step towards the bed, a hand was already at her neck, and she rubbed her wrist against her aching gland. Remus wouldn't mind, would he? He'd like her nest—Alpha would too. They'd be so proud of the nest she built for the three of them.

"Sirius told me what happened last night."

The words were like ice water on a bonfire, they did little to put out the inferno but definitely pacified some of the flames. Last night...Last night. Her mind raced to decipher his meaning as she turned to face him, teeth sinking into her bottom lip. Last night on her porch. Sirius'

hand under her dress, his fingers stretching her, his filthy words in her ear. The memories flooded back to her instantly, pushing through the haze of her incoming heat and a slow blush burned across her skin.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cross—"

"Hermione," Remus chuckled, his hand lifting from his lap to silence her. "You're fine—it's fine. I don't mind. I just wanted to let you know that I know...there are no secrets between us." Pushing up from the bedroom bench, his hands brushed across his upper thighs. "If I minded, do you think I would have signed us up for that app?"

"I know. *I know*." Hermione breathed. "It's just...I'm technically not in heat yet and...I didn't know if you'd think it untoward."

"Hardly." Remus crossed the room to her, his hand lifting to cup her cheek and he brushed his thumb across the burning blush on her skin with a soft smile. "I don't blame you, nor him. Both of you are just doing what...well you're designed to do. But beyond that...Hermione, you're absolutely stunning. How I kept my hands off you all night was a bloody miracle—one I am failing at repeating again, obviously. I don't need to be a demi-human to see how bloody sexy you are."

He wants you. Let him have you. Alpha will be pleased.

Her mouth ran dry, and she could feel her heartbeat in the pit of her stomach, pulsing more slick into her denim shorts. She shouldn't want this—she was supposed to wait for the Alpha. This was supposed to be about her heat, not about impulsivity, but she'd never really been good at not running head first into irreversible decisions. Her desire to learn had more often than not gotten her in trouble as a kid, and as an adult? Well let's just say several bottles of wine, and having Harry Potter as a roommate was like a cocktail for a steady stream of bad decision. It was also as if they blood fed off each other, pushing and probing until they did the stupidest things. Hence the reason she had a small lightning bolt tattoo at her hip. It was careless and reckless, but at least it didn't risk breaking up a bloody marriage.

"I don't mind...you touching me." Hermione whispered, teeth still tugging on her bottom lip. "I won't...stop you."

The softly spoken encouragement was clearly all Remus was waiting for. She watched his eyes shift, black pupils dilating as her words sunk in and suddenly he was guiding her mouth towards his. Her arms slipped around his neck the moment their lips met, and a burst of fire erupted inside her.

He kissed her so differently than Sirius had the night before. Where Sirius had been intent on devouring her, Remus was keen to take his time. His beard tickled her as he angled his mouth over hers and gently swept his tongue across her bottom lip requesting entrance, in which she was more than happy to oblige.

The glande on her neck pulsed painfully as their tongues brushed together, he was slowly taking his time, leaving no stone unturned in her mouth. His hand on her jaw slipped down

the slender column of her throat and he found the gland that she'd been rubbing all morning long.

Her knees buckled under the gentle touch and had she not already been clinging to him, she might have ended up on the floor. Her fingers curled into his jumper, nails biting at his skin and Remus swallowed up her whimper as his fingers pressed against the gland once more.

Stars burst behind her eyes at his touch, it felt better than any thing she'd ever experienced before in her life. To have someone touch her there, caress the swollen gland with such a tender carass; it was nearly enough to do her in.

"Please." Her whinge was breathed against his lips before she broke the kiss to angle her neck towards him.

Remus wasted no time in complying with her command, and soon his lips found the skin his fingers had caressed. His tongue massaged and lapped at the swollen gland as his mouth wrapped around it and she could feel her slick dribbling down her thighs towards her knees—denim shorts be damned.

His name was whispered into the room as he backed her to the bed, and she felt her the back of her knees hit the edge of his mattress before she was gently guided back.

"Hermione," Remus' lips ghosted across her neck as he moved down, his index finger hooking in the neck of her shirt and tugging it down to expose more skin in his conquest to sample every inch of her. "Should we...stop?"

"No!" He couldn't stop now! She needed him! A thick layer of alarm tinted her voice and she pushed up on her elbows when Remus pulled back to look down at her. "Please...please."

Remus' eyes flicked across her flushed face, down her body and landed on her parted legs where he could easily see the mess that had already been made. A soft groan slipped from his lips and he bit two of his knuckles as he closed his eyes to try and compose himself, but when he reopened them, it was like looking into the eyes of a wild man and not the fair tempered professor she'd gotten to know.

His hands went to her waist and he quickly unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts, yanking them over her hips. "No knickers?" He growled, glancing up through thick lashes to watch as Hermione pulled off her shirt. "Christ, you're too fucking much."

"Please, Remus." Hermione parted her thighs wider, exposing the glistening patch of dark colored curls that sat at the apex of her thighs. "Please touch me." She dropped the shirt beside her on his bed carelessly and shortly after her bra followed suit.

Remus' hands ran up her legs, hands splayed wide across her skin as he caressed her inner thighs on his way to her cunt. By the time his fingers brushed across her sodden curls, she was practically putty in his hands. Every touch, every whisper, and every bloody nibble and kiss from his sinfully delicious mouth made her skin burn hotter. It made her gland throb and slick dribble from her core, staining the comforter beneath her.

She felt his fingers run through her folds, brushing gently across her swollen sex before he slowly sunk a finger inside her as another brushed small circles around her clit—not daring to touch it, but rather tease the hyper-sensitive skin around it.

She could feel his breath ghost across her belly, and soon she felt his forehead pressed against her hip as he set a slow and tortuous pace with his fingers. He took his time twisting and working his fingers until her legs quivered and the symphony of his finger working into her sodden cunt filled the room.

His name was pleaded into the room that suddenly felt stifling, and her hands gripped at the covers as she canted her hips to follow his hand. It was good—so fucking good, but she needed *more*. She needed *him*.

"Remus," Pushing up onto her elbows, Hermione cracked open her eyes, looking down at the man between her parted legs with glassy eyes, already lost to the fever of her incoming heat that she was still hours away from succumbing completely too. "*Remus, I need you.*"

The Omega purred within her, robbing her of all rational thought and making no sense of what was happening. All she knew in this moment was she needed him—all of him buried deep inside her, stretching and filling her needy cunt until she couldn't tell when he ended and she began. She needed to wrap her legs around his hips and hold him as he filled her with his seed.

Alpha will come soon. Alpha would want you to make his Beta feel good.

Reaching down, her fingers brushed along his jaw when his fingers froze inside her, still buried deep in her cunt and she rocked her hips against his palm still, not ready to give up the friction—at least not until his cock replaced his digits.

"*Please, Beta.*" She begged, the tips of her fingers dancing across his thick facial hair, sliding through the brown coarse strands that suddenly felt like the softest thing she'd ever touched in her life. "*Please fill me.*"

Remus eyes fluttered closed and let out a soft curse she could distantly hear over his heavy breath. It appeared he was on the losing side of the war with himself For the moment his eyes opened, he was slipping his fingers from her cunt and quickly unbuttoning his pants.

She would have whimpered had she not been so bloody excited to have the weight of his body on hers. She was so close—so close to fulfillment, so close to getting exactly what her body craved. He was no Alpha, but she just knew Remus would take care of her—he'd make her feel just as safe and warm as their Alpha could.

When he pushed down his trousers and shorts in one go, revealing a thick long cock that sprung proudly from a nestled patch of neatly trimmed hair, Hermione let out an audible moan. She wasn't sure how it was possible, but even his bloody cock was beautiful. It looked like it was sculpted from marble, thick and veiny, with just a slight curve to the left. She could make out the hint of pearlescent liquid weeping from the tip, coating the reddened head of his cock, and she half debated asking for a taste.

Would his cock taste just as sweet as the rest of him? Or perhaps a new aroma and flavor would accompany the most delicious part of him?

But the thought was fleeting as best—as were most of her thoughts in the moment, for the second he began to crawl his way up her body; his knees sinking into the mattress against her parted thighs, her mind could only latch on to one singular idea.

TakeMeTakeMeTakeMe

Hermione laid flat as Remus crawled over her, his heavy cock bobbing between them, brushing across her slick covered thighs as he slowly slotted his hips against hers. An involuntary shiver coursed through her body when she felt his cock brush at her entrance, and she whimpered in anticipation as her hands ran up his defined chest to rest against his shoulders.

"So beautiful." Remus whispered, jade eyes flickering over her flushed face. Despite being a Beta, and therefore biologically unable to be affected by her heat the way Sirius would be, the look in his eye was as clear as any.

He wanted this—no, *her* more than anything else in that moment.

Arching off the bed, Hermione slung her arm around his neck, tugging Remus towards her until their lips met and she poured every ounce of feeling she could into that kiss. Her nervousness about the whole situation, her desire, and most importantly, her need for him. Her fingers sunk into his hair, stroking through his silken locks, and just as her tongue swept across his lips begging for entrance, she felt his cock push inside her with a slow trust.

"Holy shit." Hermione gasped, breathing their kiss, she pressed her forehead against his lips as she looked down their bodies to watch his hips slot against hers, his cock buried to the hilt in her core and the image alone was nearly overwhelming.

She could feel Remus' breath ghost across her brow, and over her temples in quick short bursts in an effort to compose himself. His hands sink into the mattress on either side of her body, fingers curled tightly into the fluffy white comforter and he took several minutes to adjust to the tight, warmth of her aching core before he dared move.

The pace he set was agonizing, clearly intending on a slow build up to her orgasm instead of the hard, fast, punishing pace she craved. His hips pushed and pulled into hers, dragging his cock across her clit with each stroke into her body.

Remus was a stark contrast from his husband—filthy words did not pour from his lips unbidden, but rather soft groans, and grunts in pleasure that made her feel more wild and feral than before. She could tell he was close by the way his shoulders tensed each time he bottomed out inside her, and the way his arms began to tremble.

He was no Alpha, which meant his stamina was not designed to compete with her own, but she could tell he was determined to make sure she found release before he allowed his own to take hold. "Touch me." Hermione requested, gently pushing on his shoulder until he shifted positions and rose up on a tall knee while still buried deep inside her.

Hermione arched her back off the mattress, her hips rocking against his encouragingly, and Remus quickly figured out what she was hoping for. With one hand curled around her waist, holding her hips off the mattress, his other found her cunt. He pressed two fingers against her clit, letting the small swollen bud settled into the valley of his index and middle finger before he began to rub small circles against her.

Hermione's head tipped back on the bed, her arms lifting so she could fist her thick curls as she lost herself to the feeling. From this angle he was impossibly deep, filling her over and over until that overly full feeling filled her lower belly. She could feel her cunt tighten in preparations, and slick spilled across the mattress beneath her. She was close, so fucking close that it was almost too much to bear.

With just a few more sweeps of his fingers, and one final thrust, Hermione felt it—that tight snap of the coil that wound in her body, and suddenly the world no longer made sense. Up was down, and right was wrong, but none of that mattered—none of it fucking mattered because she had *her Beta* between her thighs.

He shouted her name, grinding his hips into hers as her pussy clenched tightly around his cock, unwilling to let himself separate from her as she rode out the waves of her orgasm, and soon she felt the tell-tell flutter of his cock within her as he spilled his seed.

Her thighs dug against her hips, and she was sure she was going to have bruises blossom around her knees, but couldn't give even an ounce of concern. Her heart thumped wildly, trying to regain some sort of normal rhythm as Remus lowered her hips to bed and carefully withdrew his weepy cock from her body.

He fell on the bed beside her, his hands resting against his head as he took a series of deep, labored breaths before reaching over and pulling her naked body against his. She could feel his cock press against her hip, wet and flaccid, it made her shiver and lean into his embrace for more warmth.

She pillowed her head against his chest, letting his heart tattoo a happy beat against her cheek as she curled into his warm embrace. His hands began a soothing stroke across her back, and soon she felt her eyelids grow heavy.

She knew that he knew she was tired—how could he not? One minute she was shouting his name, and the next she was a sedated mess of a woman on his mattress. But Remus didn't push. Instead he curled the comforter over them, and let her nuzzle her way against his chest—and possibly into his heart, as she allowed herself to find the sleep that had alluded her the entire night before.

She was safe here.

Beta would protect her and Alpha would be home soon.

He'd be so happy to see them together.

He'd protect them both.

Chapter End Notes

In the great debate of who would claim the omega first--Remus is the victor.

Until next time. xx

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

She didn't know how long she'd slept. Hours, minutes, or days. It all felt like a blur, but when she did finally stir she knew one thing. Her heat was nearly upon her.

Her skin felt impossibly tight, like she'd been out in the sun for too bloody long. The painful ache in her abdomen had subsided, but now there was a large puddle of slick maring Remus and Sirius' sheets beneath her. Her world felt foggy, and slow—nothing was right. And everything hurt.

She winced as she rolled over on the mattress, blurred eyes blinking to try to see through the haze of her heat in search of Remus. Wincing as she pushed up from the bed, she nearly whimpered when her feet hit the ground. Her ears rang from the slap of her skin on the hardwood, and a throb radiated up from her soles of her feet and into her shins.

"Holy fuck." Hermione swore to herself, her fingers curling into the bedding.

She looked around the room, finding it very empty.

From the large windows that sat across the room she could see that night had come, and only the soft glow from the streetlamps that sat outside their brownstone shown into their room. Had she been in the right state of mind, logic would have told her that Remus was likely just off in the other room—helping Sirius prepare for what was to come.

But her mind was operating on anything *but* logic at this point.

She was all instinct. Primal. Feral.

And with her Omega now in charge—Hermione only felt one thing by being left alone.

Dread.

He wasn't pleased. He left you. He doesn't want you.

Fear began to take hold of her, gripping her soul and twisting his talons into her being. She could feel tears prick to her eyes at the thought of displeasing her Beta and she nearly whimpered aloud.

Pushing up from the bed, her knees wobbled under the weight of her frame as she moved across the room, slick and the remains of Remus' come coating her thighs with each step she took towards the bedroom door.

She needed to find them.

Beg them for forgiveness.

Make them understand she'd do better—be better!

She pawed at the door handle in her hazy state, and just as she managed to get it open, the scent from the bathrobe that hung on the door hook drifted towards her. Leather. Old tobacco. Bergamont. *Alpha*. She yanked it from its hook, nuzzling her face against the velvet soft cotton as she inhaled deeply, willing her body to calm under the intoxicating effects of his scent.

She took a moment, taking several deep rattling breaths of the robe, and let her tongue drag across the fibers to see if she could taste his pheromones, before she slipped into the oversized housecoat. It overwhelmed her too small frame, the sleeves ending well past her fingertips and the hem nearly reaching her toes; but she couldn't care less about the aesthetics or the impracticality of wearing an oversized housecoat.

If she was wearing it she smelt like *him*—the Alpha her body craved. And it soothed a wild that had worked its way into her soul, driving the ever present need to be enveloped in his scent, and carry his seed within her.

Now wrapped in the warmth of Sirius' housecoat, Hermione opened the bedroom door and toed to the threshold, ears pricking, listening for a sign as to where—if anywhere, the Alpha and his Beta might be.

She could hear the distant murmur of talking, and the methodical chop of a knife on a cutting board. Even from the floors above, the tone of their voices pulled to her, demanding she find them—that she present herself to him. Show him how ready and willing her body was for him.

Her feet moved on their own accord, and each step felt excruciating, like she was walking over hot burning coals. Slick spilled down her thighs, and sweat dripped down her spine, and by the time she made it to the first floor, she thought she might collapse under the painful burn of her heat.

"*Alpha?*"

The chop of the knife stopped, and soon the sound of hurried footsteps resounded off the hardwood, echoing to her as she gripped the banister tightly, afraid she might collapse.

"Hermione!" Sirius was the first to appear at the end of the hallway. His eyes wide with concern, his own pheromones hitting her before he was even within arms reach. She could scent his rut, thick and heady, and her body reacted accordingly.

A whimper of pain slipped past her lips as her legs buckled, slamming her knees into the wooden banister before she crumpled on the floor.

"Remus!" Sirius shouted into the house as he sprinted the last few steps towards her. His strong arms wrapped around her, lifting her from the ground bridal style to tuck her into his chest. "Oh, Hermione. What are you doing, love? You should be resting."

Rest? There was no time to rest. Not when she *needed* him so.

Her hands fisted in the front of his chest, her wrists rubbing against his chest as she leaned into his hold, her face buried in the side of his neck until all she could smell and feel was her Alpha.

MineMineMine

"Is she okay?"

"She's burning up. Help me get her out of this thing."

"Noo!" Hermione pulled back far enough to look up at Sirius' face before her head snapped towards Remus' when she felt hands on her shoulders, fingers curling into the thick robe to flip it from her body. *"No! Please!"*

"You're too hot, Hermione." Sirius crooned, leaning in and letting his nose brush across her temple. "You're going to overheat if we don't cool you down."

"B-But I need it. I *need* your scent." Hermione whinged, struggling to burrow her way further into Sirius' chest and get away from Remus' prying hands. It was hers! She'd found it, and it smelt like her Alpha! The Beta couldn't take it from her! It wasn't fair!

"I'll scent you," Sirius promises, his words like balm to a fresh wound, nearly instantly calming the fear that she would lose the protective scent that was his pheromones. "I'll scent you, Omega. Please let Remus remove your robe, let *us* take care of you."

Hermione's eyes flickered between the two men, hesitation still lingering on the forefront of her subconscious, but the promise of him scenting her—giving her the proper means of carrying his mark gave her enough hope that she gave a small tentative nod.

She didn't shy away from Remus' hands as he peeled the robe from her sweat stricken skin. She allowed the Beta to gently disrobe her, and once her naked body was exposed to the cooled air, she shivered, leaning into the warmth of Sirius' chest.

"Good girl," Sirius praised, his hand lifting to stroke across her hair gently. Grey eyes left hers and flickered over to his Beta, and they changed from the proud gaze that was just on her to wide with concern. "She's too hot."

"I know, darling." Remus folded the robe over his arm, his brow knitting. "I'll get some ice packs...can you take her back upstairs?"

Upstairs? Upstairs is good! Upstairs is where the bed is. Where she can build a nest. Where the Alpha can take her, make her his own.

"And water." Sirius instructed, adjusting his arms around her petite body, curling her more into him before he began up the stairs without any hesitation.

Hermione closed her eyes, and tucked her face into his neck, she rubbed her nose against his gland, finding it swollen and raised just as her own was. She pressed soft kisses, and nuzzled against it, listening and thriving on the little noises he made.

"Hermione...Hermione you have to stop, love." Sirius groaned, taking pause halfway up the second flight of stairs, leaning back against the wall. "If you keep doing that, I won't be able to make it."

"But I want to make you feel good." Hermione whispered against his tongue, her lips wrapping around the gland to suck gently on the swollen bud. She could feel him trembling, and heard the soft litany of swears that spilled from his lips as she lavished her tongue against his skin.

"Jesus Christ." She could hear his head hit back against the wall, and for a moment she thought he might drop her, but a growl rumbled up his throat, and he craned his neck away from her reach. "*Stop it, Omega.*"

Her body frozen, eyes snapping open and she gulped as the Alpha tone forced her into submission. "Y-yes, Alpha."

Sirius took several deep breaths, his hands curled tightly around her arm and legs; and after what felt like an eternity, he pushed off the wall he'd used for support and continued up the steps.

Hermione didn't dare move a muscle. Her arms were still tightly wrapped around his neck, holding him to her. She couldn't disappoint him anymore. She couldn't risk losing his interest.

When he moved back into the bedroom she'd wandered from earlier, a slow swell of disappointment began to bloom in her chest; and when he set her down on the too-hard bed, a slow whinge slipped from her throat. Her fingers kept pawing at his shoulders so he didn't venture too far.

"What's wrong?" Sirius's hands curled around her wrists, gently pulling her hands away from him so he could stand back and try to assess what was wrong. His right hand traveled down her arm, fingertips brushing over her pulse points on his way to caress her shoulder. His eyes flickered across her body, examining her in silence, as if trying to discern what was making her so restless.

Hermione whimpered, her body melting into his touch and she shook her head quickly, sweat stricken curls clinging to her flushed skin. "Too big. I-I don't like it." Hermione looked to the bed on either side of her, her lips curling in discomfort. Nothing about this bedroom was right. It was too open. Too exposed. The bed too hard, not soft enough. She couldn't nest *here*. She couldn't provide a place for them, and their pups. She couldn't!

"Big?" Sirius repeated in confusion, his nostrils flaring as he picked up her unhappiness and he bit his bottom lip, as the Alpha inside him flared to life behind his eyes. She could vaguely recognize the battle waged inside him—the man versus the demi-human instinct. It was the same war she'd lost when she woke from her fever dream.

"We don't have a smaller bed, Hermione." Sirius whispered thickly, his tone already taking a gravely purr as he reached up to cup her hand.

She almost came apart at the seams, crumbling into nothingness. *This didn't work!* She needed somewhere smaller—safer—more secure. Tears began to well in her eyes, as wayward emotions stole her thoughts, taking her adrift in the fog of her heat. "B-but..."

"She needs to nest, Sirius."

Remus' voice felt like a beam of light, cutting through the haze, honing in on precisely what she needed—what she craved. "Yes!" She practically bounded off the bed towards the man, eyes wide as she marveled at the approaching man who had an armful of ice packs and plastic bottles of water.

"A nest?" Sirius repeated, his brow furrowing as he glanced over to his husband.

Remus moved to the bed and dropped his armful of supplies on the mattress before turning to face the pair. "Yes, a nest. She needs to build a nest—didn't you look into any of the articles I sent you?"

Hermione nodded eagerly, and she pulled her legs up onto the mattress, petite frame curling and twisting until she could crawl across the mattress to Remus. Her arms moved around his hips, tugging him close until his knees hit the wooden bedframe. She rubbed her cheeks across his abdomen, letting the sweet warmth of his scent fill her.

Beta's right! He'll help you nest. Make it perfect for all of you. Perfect for Alpha, Beta and pups.

"Yes, of course I did..." Sirius snapped, his hand carding through his messy black hair. "Did I read them word for word? No, but I glanced at them."

Remus' hand rested atop her head, gently stroking her damp curls back from her face as he let out a knowing puff of air before he looked down to her. His hand pressed gently on her forehead, causing her to tip her head back until her glassy eyes found his.

A sympathetic smile was given before he leaned down, brushing his lips across her forehead, sending a hot thrill of comfort radiating through her body. "Let's help you make your nest. What do you say, love?"

"Yes please." She squeaked, excitement rippling her voice, causing her to shiver and when Remus began to slip back from her hold, she let him go—knowing full well he'd come back with the things she needed to make this vast room feel nice and cozy.

"Draw the curtains around the bed, and why don't you crawl in there with her? Help her settle down." Remus instructed as he began to move towards their walk in closet, not even bothering to look at his lover as he spoke.

Sirius let out a small growl in warning, obviously not too keen on being ordered about; especially in front of an Omega in heat, but he seemed to comply with the request. He moved around the bed, drawing the heavy curtains until the wide open expanse of the room was hidden.

Instantly, ease washed over Hermione. The walls had closed in and she no longer felt so open—so insecure. She crawled to the centre of the bed, kneeling with parted thighs, slick dripping down to her knees, soaking into the comforter as she watched Sirius work his way around the bed.

Every movement he made wafted his scent towards her, the lift of his strong arms, muscles bulging as he yanked the curtains closed, the thick veins in his forearms popping up under the pressure. Hermione's lips parted, and her eyes hooded as she watched her Alpha work to create a safe place for her to rest.

When the final curtain closed, boxing her into the king size bed, Hermione whimpered, edging closer towards where she'd last saw him. He'd come in here with her, right? Their Beta said he'd crawl into her nest, help her get it ready. She needed him in here, fluffing the pillows, burrowing into the blankets, preparing their space for the next couple days with her.

"I'll be right there, Hermione." She heard him call to her, before the distinct sound of the lowering of his zipper could be heard. It as quickly followed by the thunk of his jeans hitting the floor, and Hermione tapped her fingertips together anxiously as she waited for him.

"Get the curtain, love." Remus' voice joined him, and the thump of his feet padding against the wooden floor drew closer to her. She watched curiously as Sirius drew back the corner of the curtain, and she gasped at the sight that awaited her.

A mountain of pillows and blankets made their way towards her, she couldn't even see her Beta or Alpha behind a treasure trove of fluffy comforters, pillows and other soft bedding that was sure to make the *best* nest in the whole entire world.

Scrambling towards the edge of the bed, Hermione grabbed a fistful of the soft fabric and pulled it towards her, wasting no time in getting to work rearranging the terribly hard and cold bed into something far more adequate for their needs.

She could distantly heard Remus and Sirius speak behind her in hushed tones, and while under normal circumstances she might care, right now she couldn't be bothered with what they said. She was busy—and they'd be so proud when she was done. So proud of her work, and of her ability to provide a space for all of them to rest.

She hummed excitedly as she continued to mash and ball the blankets and pillows, creating a protective barrier around the perimeter of the bed before layering blanket after blanket over the mattress until it felt soft enough for her to sink into.

"Hermione?"

Her eyes lifted from the pillow she was in the process of fluffing for the third time, trying to get the shape and feel *just* right to find Remus at the edge of the bed, Sirius just over his shoulder. Remus was fully clothed, back in his jumper and trousers from earlier, his hair a mess, kind green eyes smiling at her as he spoke.

"Is it ready, love? Can Sirius come help you while I finish downstairs?"

Hermione looked around her quickly, dark eyes assessing the bed, and she reached out to run her hand across a plush throw that had ended up in the mix. She choose this one for Sirius specifically—their Alpha deserved the softest spot. He'd work the hardest at keeping them safe, he needed the very *best* spot.

"Yeah...here." She said as she lifted her eyes to look back at the men, her tongue darting across her lips.

Remus looked over his shoulder, and gave Sirius an encouraging nod before stepping aside so his husband could move on the bed where she'd requested.

Sirius had stripped down to just his shorts, the tight boxer briefs hugged the thick muscles of his tattoo covered thighs, and did little to hide the enormous bulge that made her thighs quake and her inner Omega's purr claw it's way up her throat and slip from her parted lips.

Sirius was built like most Alpha's she'd met before. Thick, sturdy, but there was a hidden strength to him that set her heart a patter. He didn't possess the hulking muscles—no, his strength was lithe, but prominent. Like a football player instead of rugby. She wondered what his skin would feel like beneath her hands. Would he allow her to trace the inky tattoos that covered his skin so beautifully? Could she curl up in his arms after he'd knotted her and drift off in his protective embrace? Would she be allowed to lick, taste, and sample every inch of him?

AlphaAlphaAlpha

Hermione rose on a tall knee, her hand outstretched toward Sirius and she did little to hide the excitement that swelled in her belly. Her body was ready for him—for his touch, and his knot. She would take whatever her Alpha decided to give, and still beg for more. He crawled over the mountain of pillows and blankets toward her, knees sinking onto the soft blanket she'd chosen for him before his laced his fingers with hers and he gently tugged her toward him.

"You build such a good nest, *Omega*." Sirius' voice was low, and dangerous and the look in eyes told her he had one thing in mind. He wanted to devour her. Use her up until she was nothing but a boneless pile in the middle of the nest. Under the right circumstances, this look would scare her. She would shy from the intensity of his gaze, but now? Already lost to her heat, she wanted nothing more than to take everything he could give her. She could feel slick pool on the mattress beneath her, soaking the thick layers of blankets.

"I'm so proud of you...such a *good girl* for me...for Remus." Sirius reached out with his other hand and gently guided her until her body was perched right next to his, his fingers danced across her lower back, stroking over her skin reverently before he guided her body against his.

Their hips touched first, sending shockwaves of desire rippling through her to her core, causing her pussy to clench at the nothingness that still filled her. Her hands brushed across his tattooed chest, the soft smattering of black hair that lingered there felt soft, and downy. She vaguely wondered what it might feel like against her cheek, but thought better than to figure that out now.

"Your nest is so perfect for us, Hermione." Sirius leaned down, letting just the tip of his bust nudge along her cheek, his hot breath ghosting across her skin as he unlaced their fingers to put his hands on her arse, large hands splayed wide, taking fistfuls of the soft flesh on her backside. "You deserve a reward for being *so good*."

Hermione hummed with approval, her breasts mashing against his chest as she leaned into him further, her hands sliding across his shoulders, fingertips tracing the muscles that capped his shoulders and wound down his biceps.

"Would you like that?" Sirius' breath tickled the small curls at her ear. "Would you like a reward for being such a good little Omega?"

"Yes." She whimpered as she bit her bottom lip, teeth gently rolling the thick flesh of her bottom lip as she tried to hold back her beg. She was so close, so close to getting some relief from the ache that built in her pussy, the pulse—the need robbing her of rational thought and replacing every other care in the world.

Sirius pulled back, nearly black eyes flickering between hers as a slow lecherous grin spread across his lips. He looked like a wolf in sheep's clothing—seconds away from eating her whole and picking the bones from between his teeth. "Would you like my hand, or my mouth?"

Hand....Mouth...

The words repeated in her mind, as if her brain short circuited somewhere between the thought of his knot filling her, and his speaking. Hand...or Mouth. But she didn't want *either* of those. She wanted what lay in his shorts, she wanted his cock—his knot. She wanted to be so full of him that she wasn't certain any man would ever compare again. She wanted him to *break her in half* and render her useless for anyone else.

"I...I don't—"

"You *must* pick one."

"But I don't want that."

"Are you being ungrateful?" Sirius cocked a brow at her, his lips pursing just slightly.

Hermione shook her head quickly, eyes wide with fear that she might have upset her Alpha as she tried to explain. "No! No no no. I'm *good*. I'll be good. I'll pick, I swear. I just wanted—I want your knot."

"Of course you did, Omega. But you're not ready for my knot, little one." Sirius chuckled darkly, his hand moving to cup her cheek, gray eyes searching hers. "It would just hurt you."

"No it wouldn't." She whinged, her bottom lip sticking out, but despite her pout, she leaned into his touch, nuzzling her cheek against his palm.

Sirius leaned forward, letting his face dip into her neck and he drug his nose across her gland, causing her to gasp at the gentle touch and he let out a small puff of air. "You're so close..."

just a bit longer and I'll let you have it. I'll fill you full of my knot, and my come. I'll fuck you through your heat, and when you're not full of me—you'll have Remus to fuck your dripping cunt."

Hermione swallowed, feeling suddenly light headed at the prospect, and as the fantasies of being taken by both of the men roved behind her closed eyes, she swayed softly into Sirius. "Yes...I want that. I need that."

"I know *exactly* what you need." Sirius pressed a soft kiss against her brow before he began to guide them down to the mattress until they lay prone. His hands stroked across her skin, easing the tightness that she'd woken up with, bringing a new sense of calm to her soul as her breathing evened out to slow and deep drags.

"And right now? You need rest, Little Omega. Sleep before your heat takes you...I'm not leaving your side. When you wake, I'll be here to fuck you...I'll give you my knot, and fill you full of come, until your body can't take anymore." His whisper was melodic, almost sing-song, and she couldn't tell if it was his intention—whispering filthy things in such a sweet manor, or maybe it was just the fever pulling her under as his hands moved across her skin.

"Go to sleep, Hermione." He instructed, scooting closer than before, pillowing her head against his chest as he moved to pet her curls across her head.

Hermione hummed in approval, because she wasn't sure if she was able to actually utter a single word. Her body still ached, her skin still felt too tight, but laying against his arms, in the nest she'd created for them; brought her an indescribable peace that quickly ushered her to sleep, as if her body was going to obey command for her to rest with or without her consent.

Chapter End Notes

Okay...I know I promised lots of smut. and I SWEAR TO YOU, next three chapters of this fic are going to be one giant smut-fest, but I couldn't not drag out your antici.....pation a bit longer. (yes, yes, it's a poorly placed Rocky Horror joke, but I'd like to think Dr Frankenfurter would approve).

until next time xx

(also, you might want to carry an extra pair of knickers for Thursday's chapter...it gets real steamy REAL quick

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Chapter is NSFW...to be fair, this whole story pretty much isn't, but you've been warned.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Even before her eyes fluttered open, Hermione knew that she was surrounded by her Alpha and Beta. She could smell them from where she lay. The rich earthy aroma of Sirius, and the sweet scent of Remus; it swirled together, mingling with her own to create a near intoxicating perfume that clung to the air. And despite the fact her body ached, and she lay covered in a thin layer of sweat, she didn't dare move. She allowed her body to absorb the comfort from the warmth of their bodies beside her and revel in the heady scent for just a moment longer.

She'd never been in heat before, so she had little to compare the excruciating ache between her legs too, but even through the heat induced haze she knew what it meant. *It* was finally upon her. Her world felt clouded, as if she saw everything from within a steam room. Every shift on the bed sent pulsing electric shocks down her limbs. Every subtle move felt like she was crawling over broken glass.

Her eyes fluttered open to a dark room, and she turned towards the calming scent of her Alpha. A trembling hand moved across the comforter to seek him out, but just as soon as she began, pain flared to life and sent a reminder coursing through her veins, an agonizing whimper left her lips when the simple motion of reaching for him was too much to bear and she let her hand drop back to the bed.

"*Omega?*"

She heard him call for her, his words still slurred from sleep but thick with concern—as if he could sense her discomfort. She felt the mattress move before her mind caught up to the action, and she watched him roll over until he faced her.

"*Alpha,*" Hermione's throat was raw and felt rough, as if she'd spent hours screaming instead of in a deep slumber. She gulped as he scooted closer until the front of his body pressed against her side. "*Alpha, please help.*"

He could fix her, he had to know how. He promised to take care of her—surely what's what he would do now, wasn't it?

His hand touched her stomach reverently, his fingers splayed so wide she could feel his thumb and pinkie tap each of her hip bones. His fingers pressed softly against her lower abdomen, kneading the taut muscles until they loosened, relieving the ache that was overtaking her. He leaned in and drug his nose across her shoulder, just the tip ghosting over

her sweat stricken skin, until he reached the aching gland that felt like it was moments away from bursting out of her skin with each resounding throb.

Claim me. Claim me. Claim me. I'm yours.

Slow tremors rippled through her skin as he took in a deep breath—she could feel her pheromones permeate from every pore in her body, filling the room with a heady scent that had begun to mask even his feral aroma.

"You're ready for me, aren't you?"

Hermione nodded, unable to find her voice over the lump in her throat that had begun to form the moment his fingertips brushed her pelvis. Her hands fisted into the blankets on either side of her hips, her teeth chewing on her bottom lip and a small whimper slipped out when she felt his hand move lower and lower until...

"Alpha."

Sirius swore in her ear when his fingers brushed through her sodden curls, pressing gently on the swollen bud between her folds before dipping lower to stroke against her engorged entrance. Every stroke and flick felt like shock waves rippling through her body, derailing her already unstable train of thought. Her legs bent at the knee, and she pulled her feet back until her legs fell open, spread wide for her Alpha to do as he pleased.

"You're so ready for me," Sirius murmured as he sunk two fingers in her aching quim. She could feel her pussy constrict, desperate to have any part of him nestled deep inside her. "So wet and warm. You pussy *needs* my knot, doesn't it, Omega?"

He set a slow lazy pace that only succeeded in stoking the fire of desire inside her until it felt as if she was about to get swallowed up by the flames. A small noise in agreement squeaked past her lips as she sunk her feet into the mattress, lifting her hips up to try and encourage his lazy fingers to quicken their pace.

"You're so tight. But I can't fill your pussy just yet," He murmurs in her ear, as if it were fact and not him choosing to drive her closer to insanity with each slow stroke of his fingers. She'd fooled around with men before, she was not shy when it came to bedroom play, or talk for that matter; but this man—this *Alpha* who possessed her so, seemed to have a way of making every part of her sing without even trying. "I need you to come first, get you nice and ready for my cock—my *knot*."

The word was spoken in his Alpha tone—so delicious, wicked and depraved. She might burst apart at the seams just from the growl if she were a weaker woman. If she was not certain of it before, she was now more than ever. With the slick that spilled from her, coating his entire fucking hand and the blankets beneath them, it wasn't just *anyone*, but rather someone made specifically for her. *Her Alpha*.

He chuckled against her throat, the gusts of his hot breath ghosting across her aching glands like a hot summer's breeze on her damp skin. He twisted his palm, corkscrewing his fingers into her cunt, hitting a new depth that made her toes curl. The sound of his fingers slipping

through her slick to pump into her eager cunt filled the room, masking her whimpers and breathy moans until all she could hear was the sound of how her body was so ready to accept his cock, ready to receive his seed, and welcome the blissful release of his knot as it stretched her past the point of completion.

She was so close, her body like a live wire, coiled and sparking under his touch; she just needed something *more* to set her off. Because the slow methodical pace of his fingers, his lips so fucking close to her gland yet not licking, biting, or lavishing it the way she needed, were preventing her from finding release.

Instead her body sat in limbo, stuck on the edge, waiting, begging, yearning to tip over. Her thighs began to quiver as he drug out her pleasure, overfilling the cup inside her until it she couldn't take anymore, and frustrated little whimpers slipped from her throat as she tugged at the blankets.

She needed more.

More of him. More than his finger's could give.

She shifted under his hand, her hips sinking back down to the mattress and she reached between her parted thighs, letting her fingers brush across the painful swollen bud.

Yes! Show Alpha what you want—show him what you need.

"Ughhhh!" The wave of pleasure was near instant, like that first slip into a hot tub. It enveloped her whole body, starting at her pussy and radiating down her legs and up her torso simultaneously until she swore she could feel the pleasure in every strand of her hair.

"Such a greedy little Omega, aren't you?" Sirius growled in her ear before pulling back. He propped himself up on his elbow, his gaze locked onto her hand between her legs as he watched—studying the way she would pleasure herself, as if bewitched by her fingers. Licking his lips, Sirius adjusted his wrist, edging closer until he could bend it while keeping his fingers brushed against the front wall of her cunt, and he increased his tempo to match the one she set on her clit. "Come for me...come for me so I fill you properly."

"Alpha!"

His command was the final piece of the puzzle she'd been missing, as if not having verbal approval was preventing her from succumbing to her pleasure. For the next moment after the words spilled from his lips, Hermione felt the wave inside her crest and pull her under.

Her pussy clenched around his fingers, trying to hold them inside her as she arched off the mattress. Her thighs closed around his arm, desperate for his fingers to reach those rewarding depths inside her and it was only when her eyes had closed and her head tipped back on the pillows that she *finally* felt him at her gland.

His lips wrapped around it, not biting—claiming her to be his like her body begged for; but rather licking, suckling and nibbling on the enflamed gland, dragging out her orgasm until her body simply couldn't hang on a moment longer.

Sirius eased his fingers from her core, leaving her empty and needy despite having just come. The plea to make him fill her once more was almost off the tip of her tongue when she watched him lift his hand to rub his glistening fingers across the side of his neck, working her slick into his pulse points. Her words vanished as her mind fogged over with an indescribable lust. He was scenting himself with *her* slick. Letting anyone who might come across him know that he had an Omega to fuck—to fill and to protect.

The image felt so primal, so raw and so fucking beautiful she almost cried as she watched his eyes flutter in unadulterated bliss as he rubbed small circles against his swollen gland. Her lips parted in shaky breaths. This wasn't real—it simply couldn't be. She was going to wake up at any moment and find herself back in her bedroom.

Yet, the emptiness between her thighs and the slow throb of discomfort from being so *empty*, had built quickly. A painful reminder that this was *very* real, and as much as she enjoyed watching her Alpha scent himself with her, she needed him now more than ever before.

"*Alpha*," His designation trembled from her as she pushed up on her elbows, her hand lifting from the blankets as she touched his cheek; fingertips stroking his dark stubble reverently as she tried to pull his attention away from marking himself and back to her. "I need—"

"Shhh." His hand was back on her, pressing his fingertips to her gland instead of in her cunt. As he pressed soft deep strokes against her gland, he was forcing the Omega within her back into submission. His nearly black eyes bore into her and even before he spoke the words, she knew what he was trying to say—as if they were linked telepathically. She could feel his desire to provide for her ripple off his skin and fill the room. She knew *he knew* exactly what she needed, but also how much her body could take. "I know what you need, Little one."

Sirius pressed gently on her throat, his index and middle finger stroking her gland and his thumb pressing on the centre of her throat until her ability to breathe felt labored and difficult. Hermione leaned back under his guided touch, lying prone on the mattress and only then did his hand begin to journey lower. Over her sternum, across her abdomen and dipping in her navel, before brushing over her sodden curls in one slow sweep. "So beautiful." He purred as he rose up onto his knees, his tongue swept across his lips hungrily.

He crawled over her, gently nudging her knees apart until he was kneeling between them and his hands moved to the elastic waistband of his shorts. Even in the dark room she could see a distinct wet spot on the centre of where his cock strained against the cotton undergarments.

He moved them down his hips, allowing the thick ropes of his muscles to be exposed, highlighting that delicious v that tapered his hips until they fell unassisted down his thighs.

His cock stood proudly from a neatly trimmed patch of black curls, the mushroomed head red, swollen and already glistening. She'd read Reddit threads and BuzzFeed stories about how well endowed Alpha's were—and truthfully she'd just assumed it was all some overly sex crazed Beta typing fantasies into their keyboard. But if Sirius' size rang any truth to those articles, she was ready to convert to a believer.

He was huge.

Thick and long, easily having a good inch on his husband; and suddenly his words made perfect sense. He was going to *fill* her so completely she wasn't sure she'd ever want to bloody leave.

His hand wrapped around the base of his cock, fingers encasing the velvet heat and he stroked himself as he nudged closer between her thighs, spreading them more until he had her so exposed she was certain their bloody neighbors could catch a perfect view of her cunt if they peered through their window. Though her ability to care if anyone saw was gone. She'd wouldn't have stopped—she'd happily show them what a good Omega she could be. How she could take his cock—his knot and beg for more. How she was designed to fit him so *perfectly*.

Her eyes were transfixed on his cock, watching him pleasure himself with a needy fascination and it wasn't until he commended her attention with the growl of her designation, Hermione lifted her eyes up to find his. A myriad of emotions were flickering behind his eyes, as if he was unable to stay on any train of thought for too long.

He looked positively hungry, like the big bad wolf, seconds away from swallowing her up. But there was something deeper in the endless pools of black—something almost awe inspiring. It was like how children looked at a winter's first snow. So full of wonder, hope, and excitement—knowing that in just seconds they would get to go lose themselves in the new frostbitten landscape. Only, this new world that Sirius was about to discover was far more wicked than his own backyard.

As he leaned over her body, his hand that had stroked his cock sunk into the mattress beside her head. She turned to nuzzle at his palm, lipping at his fingertips to see if she could taste any lingering saltiness of his pheromones on them—and praying that she would.

She felt his other hand hook behind her knee and he held her open as he lowered himself upon her, gently nudging his hips against hers until she felt his cock slide against her slit and he rocked against her, coating his length in her slick, nudging her swollen clit with each upstroke.

Her eyes slammed shut as small radiating shockwaves of bliss clenched at her belly with each gentle nudge from his cock. Her worldview felt so narrowed—there was no London, no bloody England or even the United Kingdom. She could give two fucks about the Queen, or the Prime Minister or whoever might be ruling over their galaxy, because all that mattered—all that *her* world hinged upon in this very moment was him.

Her Alpha.

He made her feel so good without even trying. Everything about him—his scent, his touch, his words. Everything was for her and she was ready to give everything up if it just meant he slipped inside her and filled her like she so desperately needed.

"Fuck." Sirius swore, his breath ghosting across her sweat covered brow. Hermione's eyes fluttered open when she felt his lips brush across her forehead before another slow curse was uttered, low and gravely, sending the hairs on the back of her neck on end.

He was losing control. She could hear it. He liked this—they, and it was breaking what little willpower remained.

Alpha's happy. Make him feel good.

Hermione's hands lifted to his cheeks, her fingertips brushing across his jawline, drifting over throat, and ghosting around his gland to rest on his shoulders.

"I'm ready, Alpha...I'm so ready for you."

Sirius let out a shaky exhale as his eyes cracked open ever so slowly before he adjusted his hips until she felt his cock notch at her entrance, trapping the breath in her lungs, freezing her erratically beating heart. This was it. He was going to take her—*fill her*—make her his.

"Hermione."

His use of her given name and *not* her designation made her practically weep, letting her forget that this was just a contracted heat pairing.

He sunk into her, stretching her pussy until Hermione wasn't certain she could take anymore—and yet he continued. He pressed past the point of logic, filling her until his hips were snug against hers, and she swore she could feel him inside parts of her body no one else had been before.

She felt *full*. So fucking full on his cock, but also her heart. It was as if it were going to burst apart within her chest—self destructing under the pressure he placed upon it. And Jesus-fucking-Christ is felt *so damn good*.

Years of that biology class she'd been forced to attend, and the morbid curiosity spent combing the internet on her designation seemed to make sense. She was literally made for this—for him. Her body willingly accepting everything he gave her, each long stroke from his cock rubbing against parts of her she didn't even know fucking existed, and now that they'd been touched, she didn't think she could ever forget.

Hermione's hands curled into the thick muscles that lined his shoulders, and she began to move with him, trying to match his rhythm, trying to take *more*—even though he was already giving more than she could handle.

The sounds of their coupling filled the room, the slap of his skin against hers, the soft creak from the bedframe, the rustle of the bedding shifting around them and the wet sounds of her slick and his fluids mixing together. It was enough that she could find her release from the sensory overload that was wreaking on her body—but it felt too damn good to succumb now that they'd just began.

His name—his given name—is pleaded into the room, filling the empty space that the sounds of him taking her didn't fill and Hermione could hardly recognize that the voice was her own. It was so low, so breath, so *needy*. Had she not felt the words rumble in her throat, clawing their way into the universe one vocal cord at a time, she wasn't sure she'd believe it to be her own.

Sirius leaned down to press his lips against her pleading mouth and he swallows up her words and noises greedily, his tongue roving across her lips, tongue and teeth until she's left breathless. He pulls back to press his forehead into hers, his chest rubbing her nipples into hardened peaks with each gentle rock of his body. "You have to be quiet, love...just for a moment—" His voice was shallow with quick breaths, his grasp on maintaining control clearly moments away from snapping. "—or I'll come."

Yes!

She needs it. She needs him to be human instead of this bloody God fucking her towards heaven, or nirvana or whatever sexy afterlife he was whisking her away too. She needed him to break, to fill her full of his seed, and then fuck her more.

Hermione whimpers a moan in response, her pussy fluttering against his cock as she drug her hands down his back, his sweat pooling between her splayed fingers. "Please, Sirius. Please come."

His hips met hers with a newfound vigor, snapping against her cunt, sending small biting shockwaves to her clit and it's all she can do to hold onto him as he drives her to another orgasm. It tears through her consciousness, ripping her in two.

The world fades to blank and all she can feel is this moment.

The way his cock filled her so perfectly, the soft scratching of his chest hair against her breasts, the sting on her inner thighs from her hips, and it's all so *perfect*. Everything is so fucking perfect she isn't sure she can ever recover.

Distantly, she can hear him. His breathy little grunts that thrill her, the whisper of her name and suddenly, his mouth is at the base of her throat and he's biting—not on her gland, but at her pulse point, teeth sinking into her skin, breaking the surface as he grinds his cock into her and growls. He pushes as deep as her body will physically allow, practically hitting her cervix and then she feels *it*.

He's swelling, each pulse from his cock spilling his seed inside her seems to make him grow thicker and thicker until that already tight stretch becomes near painful.

She knows this is supposed to happen—she'd begged for it, but it does little to quell the instinctual need to fight against the pain. Momentary panic sets in and she claws as she shoulders, whining and whimpering as she tries to draw her hips back.

He's too big! He's going to break her. He's not going to fit.

But her Alpha knew her better than she did. He relaxed his jaw until his hold on her throat was released and he licked at the fresh wound, nuzzling at the centre of her throat as he spoke into her skin. "*Relax. I've got you.*"

His words are exactly what she needed—whether it be the Alpha-tone or his reassurance that he knew best, she couldn't be certain, but the panic that has settled into her stomach like a lead stone vanished. Her body begins to slowly accept him. It stretches and absorbs the gentle

punishment of his nudging hips against hers, opening her up wider and wider, until that painful sting began to morph into a delicious burn.

It started off slow, beginning where he'd knotted her and radiating out across her body from there until all she could feel was warmth. Her arms fall from his shoulders to the bed beside her head and her eyes glaze over as this unexplainable calm pumps into her body with each pulse from her heart, as if driven into her by his cock that was so deeply locked inside her.

Between her thighs, she can feel the combination of their fluids—her slick and his come—spill from her and seep from where he'd knotted her. She should be embarrassed, but there's something almost primal about the joy it brings her—knowing she made her Alpha come apart.

Sirius gathers her against his chest before gently rolling them over until she's settled over his body. Hermione is still coming down from the rush of pleasure, deep in the spellbinding euphoria that his knot is giving her when she feels hands move across her body.

He's touching her everywhere, as if driven by instinct and she vaguely wondered if this was some weird Alpha-thing, or maybe just a *him* thing. She can't remember anything about aftercare for the life of her, and with nothing to compare his gentle strokes and touches too, she tries not to wonder too much and instead leans into his body. He strokes down her spine, and across her lower back to her hips before tracing his way up her sides. His thumbs caressed the swell of her breasts before running higher, kneading the tired muscles at her shoulders, and neck before finding her glands and he strokes his thumbs across them, making her shiver.

"Give me your hands." Whether a command or a request, Hermione couldn't tell the difference, and truth be told if he'd asked her to stand on her fucking head she likely would have done it. Everything about this moment was perfect, she didn't dare risk it by disobeying him.

Her arms felt heavy, as if laden with lead, but she lifts them up until his fingers encircle her wrists and before she can figure out what he was intending to do, he brings them to his mouth. His laps at her pulse points, nuzzling and sucking on the inside of her wrists until she can feel that fire that had just been sedated flicker to life again between her legs where his cock was still buried.

Sirius' eyes locked on hers and he slowly lowers her wrists to his chest before his hands moved to push back her curls from her forehead, his fingers sinking into her sweaty hair and he tugged her gently towards him and their lips found each other once more.

"So good." He whispers into their kiss, worshipping her with soft gentle nibbles and caresses from his tongue as his hands move down her back, molding her to him. "Such a good, Omega."

He's using her designation again, and although it shouldn't upset her, she can't explain the twinge of hurt that settled in the centre of her chest despite his touch.

Beside them the bed stirs, and Hermione breaks the kiss to find the source of the movement—using it to distract herself from the confused feelings that had begun to stir. She finds Remus awake, his hand already at his hardened cock, giving slow lazy strokes as he lay propped up against the piles of pillows and blankets that made up her nest. He makes no move to conceal what he's doing, instead, how he felt is so clearly written across her face. He'd watched them...and what he saw, he'd enjoyed.

"Like what you saw, Remus?" Sirius chuckles, his hands slipping lower down her back until he can grab the globes of her arse. She gasps when she feels him part her backside, exposing not only more of where he'd knotted himself deep within her, but also the small furrow of her arse.

Remus nodded, thickly gulping as his hand curls around the tip of his cock, smearing the glistening come that already coated the head of his manhood. "You're both...*so fucking beautiful*."

Hermione's hips wiggle, trying to push Sirius' knot that much deeper inside her as a renewed wave of need rises. She can feel her pussy clench around him, slick beginning to build inside her and slip around him, but before she can rock into him and fuck him deeper inside her, Sirius gently eases himself out of her.

He's still swollen and hard, but his knot is fading, blood returning to parts of his body that so desperately need it and he gives her arse a firm swat. "Why don't you go climb on him, love? I want to watch him come apart inside you."

Hermione nods silently, and she does little to hide the excitement that is making her thighs quake as she scrambles off Sirius and crawls towards Remus.

She shouldn't want this—to go from one man to the next, but there's something deeply seeded about her desire. She wants more—no, she fucking *needs* it. And while physically the need to come again is driving her, the idea that her Alpha wants to watch her take their Beta spurs her even more so.

Hermione climbs up his body, and she can feel Sirius' come slip down her thighs as she sinks to her knees on either side of Remus' hips. His hands find her waist and his thumbs stroke across the jut of her hip bones as he looks up at her. His kind eyes are wide, shining with such distinct devotion in the moonlight that it catches her breath in her throat.

No one has ever looked at her like *that* before.

Like she was the sun, the moon and the stars in the sky. Like she could do no wrong. Like everything in the universe centred on her very being. Her hands froze mid-air, hovering over his shoulders as she lost herself in his orbit, afraid to so much as breathe and ruin the moment.

"You...You don't have to." Remus misinterpreted her awe for hesitation, and bless him—it made her want to give herself completely to him more than before. This wasn't just biology telling her how to feel—there was still some part of her inside, allowing the Omega to call the shots, and give herself to these men in any way they saw fit to have her.

"Shhh." Hermione's hands rose to his cheeks, holding him steady as she lowered her mouth to his in a searing kiss. Her tongue swept against his, stroking and brushing his to play with hers as her right hand moved to reach between their bodies and wrapped around the base of his cock, angling him just enough until she was able to sink down on his length in one fluid motion.

His curled around her body, hands resting on her arse, gripping it tightly as she began to slide up and down, not breaking their kiss to so much as breath as she feeling of fullness returned.

It wasn't like being with Sirius—their Alpha, but fuck if it wasn't so bloody close.

Remus is the first to break their kiss, gasping for breath as his head tipped back against the wall of the pillows and his eyes drifted closed. "Fuck, Hermione." He groaned, his fingers sinking into her backside so deeply she was certain she's have Remus sized bruises across her milky skin. "So good."

"Isn't she?" Sirius' voice was close, just on the outside of her ear and before she could place exactly where he was, she felt his hand sweep across her upper back, pushing her curls over her shoulder before it began to journey down her spine. "Such a good girl for *us*."

The praise, and their combined touch spurred her on, her nails biting lightly against Remus' shoulders as she increased her pace, eager to bring Remus as much pleasure as she had Sirius.

Theirs. Theirs. Theirs.

"That's it, Hermione...you fuck him so well." Sirius' hand trailed over each vertebrae, taking his time, notching on each disc as his fingers slid down her body.

Her heart pounding a furious rhythm against her ribs, each breath nearly painful, but she can't stop—won't stop until they both find release. She can feel Remus tense beneath her, his legs widening their part until he can rock up into her with each downward stroke.

"I love watching you take him...I want to watch you come apart together. Can you do that, Hermione? Can you come again for me and make Remus fill you full of his come?"

She nods, unable to articulate anything beyond a moan or gasp, as she tries to fulfill their Alpha's command. Everything was so sensitive already, so swollen, so raw. She wasn't sure how—if at all, she'd be able to come again, but she was determined. She needed to. Her Alpha requested it.

Sirius' hand stroked her lower back, hesitating for just a moment before his index finger moved lower, slipping between her parted cheeks to press gently against her furrowed hole.

"Holy shit!"

Hermione's eyes grew wide, and all of the air fled from her lungs in one fell swoop. Her body froze, coming to an abrupt stop, Remus filling her to the hilt. Did he mean to? She said she'd been open to it but—now?!

Remus, unaware of what was happening behind her, kept rocking up into her in short shallow thrusts, soft little grunts slipping from his lips.

"Keep going, love." Sirius whispered into her ear, his lips ghosting the shell of her ear as he slowly—ever so slowly, began to sink his finger inside her.

He wanted her to move?!

There was no fucking way.

She couldn't even breath.

Her vision began to blur, and only when he began to move his finger slowly in and out of her, could she begin to take deep rasping breaths., But just when she thought he'd remove his finger, he would begin again, gently twisting and setting a slow burning rhythm.

Sirius kept his pace as he moved from behind her to settle beside them on the bed. His free hand went out, cupping his husband's jaw and he tilting Remus' head up as he leaned down to kiss him.

Hermione watched, lost in the sensory overload they were both giving her, as his tongue snaked between Remus' lips, and the flashes of pink, and nipping of teeth were finally enough to send her over.

She felt her cunt flutter, clenching tightly around Remus as her backside tightened around Sirius' finger, and a scream ripped from her throat as she collapsed, physically unable to hold herself upright.

Her forehead hit Remus' shoulder and her noises were muffled by his chest. She could feel him pulse inside her, pulled into the fate that had befallen her as his seed filled her where Sirius' had been just moments before.

Her ears rang with the pulsing sound of her heartbeat, and she couldn't make out when, or who had moved her, but all she knew was one moment she was leaning onto Remus for support and the next she was flat on her back with a man on either side of her.

Sirius' hand was between her legs, trying to push back the combination of their seed that had dribbled down her thighs back in her body. His lips were at her hairline and temple, pressing soft reverent kisses there as Remus stroked soft patterns across her belly and breasts, and nuzzled at her neck.

She couldn't make sense of any of it—their caress, their almost loving after care; all she knows is that distantly, through the pulsing thump of her heart beat that was quickly lulling her to sleep, she could hear them.

"So beautiful."

"So perfect."

"*Ours.*"

Chapter End Notes

As I told Frumpologist "Let the fucking commence!".

Until next time xx

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Chapter is NSFW

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Morning light drifted in through the tiny cracks in the curtains that surrounded the bed, casting lines of light across the nest. When they first warmed her skin, fluttering across her cheeks, Hermione thought perhaps she'd dreamt this all up.

Maybe she wasn't with two men, in the safety of her nest in a posh Brownstone in Chelsea.

Maybe she'd never signed up for Findr.

Maybe there was no handsome married couple begging to take her through her heat.

Maybe—just maybe, this was just a fever dream. A wicked tale of run away fantasies that had warped her mind.

But a gentle nudge to the back of her thighs snapped her out of the haze from her half-sleep half-awake twilight, and a hand drifting down her side, petting across her belly, worshipping her skin on it's way down to hook around her thigh and lift it up grounded her.

"Good morning." Sirius' mouth found the bruised skin he'd bit the night before and he ran his tongue across the puncture marks that broke her skin as he hooked her leg over his hip, crudely parting her legs. His hips dipped forward, and Hermione gasped as she felt the head of his cock brush against her cunt.

She was still wet—positively soaked with slick and other bodily fluids from their romp the night before, but Sirius didn't seem to mind one bit. "G-goodmorning." Her voice cracked, still thick with sleep, as she rocked back against him, encouraging his gentle exploration.

"You're scent woke me up." Sirius' hand moved up her thigh, the rough pads of his fingers dragging across the inside of her thigh, over her slick covered skin until they brushed over her sodden curls, gently parting her labia. "So ripe...so needy for my knot—even in your dreams."

Her hand rose, sliding across the soft bedding to grip the pillow beside her head as her other moved to hook around the back of Sirius' neck, anchoring him in place as she leaned back into him, grinding her arse against him so his cock nudged just a little inside her.

"Do you want it, Hermione?" Sirius purred, his nose nudging against her temple, hot breath tickling the tiny curls around her ear. "Do you want my knot? Do you want me to fill you full

of my come?"

She nodded, unable to articulate any sound beyond the tiniest little whinge that slipped from her throat as he began to gently rock against her—not yet filling her like she craved, but instead only pushing hard enough to notch against her cunt, the head of his cock just slipping inside her before pulling back out.

"I need to hear you say it—I *need* you to tell me exactly what you want."

"You." Hermione gasped, nails clawing at the pillowcase as she struggled to stay on this plane of existence and not float away into nothingness as the need for him to claim her rose higher and higher, burning hotter than anything she'd ever felt before. "I need you—and Remus."

"*Good girl.*"

Her words must have been exactly what Sirius needed to hear, because before she could so much as breathe, he was back inside her. The stretch, slow and delicious, realigned the planets in the night sky and suddenly the world made sense.

The fact that this man—this Alpha, was willing to help her through her heat and share her with his husband, seemed so fucking logical that it was absurd for her to think otherwise. This was exactly what was *supposed* to happen. She was made for this—for both of them.

"*Say it again.*" Sirius growls the command in her ear before nipping at her throat, his teeth grazing across her pulsating gland, sending shockwaves of pleasure rippling through her body and causing her pussy to spasm around his thick cock that filled her past the point of full.

"I-I need you both!" Hermione gasped, arching her lower back so he could slam against the spot inside her that made her toes curl. "Oh fuck, please d-don't—Oh God!"

"I won't—I won't stop." Sirius assured her, his hand slipping up her body until he could apply just the gentlest pressure to her womb, securing her body against his before slowly rolling on his back and tugging her with him until she lay flat over his body.

"Started without me?" Remus sleepy voice could barely be heard over the wet sounds of Sirius' cock filling her cunt, and the rough timbre sent a shiver down her spine. Hermione looked over towards their Beta, one arm still firmly locked around Sirius' neck but the other was already extended mid-air towards their lover as if driven by instinct to pull him into what they were doing.

"Her scent woke me." Sirius told his husband, soft little grunts breaking up his speech as he bottom out inside her. "Couldn't...help it."

Remus moved towards her, his cheek sliding into her open palm and he placed a series of soft kisses against the inside of her wrist as he scooted closer until he lay against his husband and her. "I know, love." He said the words as if he could understand the biological pull that drove

them together—as if it wasn't just lip service. "You two look so good together...her spread over you like that...Fuck it's so hot, Sirius."

Hermione's fingers flexed on Remus' cheek, the subtle praise doing wild things to her runaway libido and sending another gushing wave of slick from her core, coating Sirius' cock and the blankets beneath them.

She felt Sirius' hands slide over her sides, and over her middle, his arms enclosing on her waist just for a moment in a tight squeeze. He then dropped his hands to her thighs and gently lifted them, angeling her body just so until her knees were draped over his arms, almost hitting her chest.

From this new angle she could feel *everything*. The thick pulse of his cock inside her when he bottomed out, hitting her cervix. It was too much—so fucking much to take that she wasn't sure how she was managing to breathe with his so deep inside her—filling her, stretching her.

She felt Remus move from her touch and her eyes snapped open, a whimper slid from her throat at the loss of her Beta.

Don't leave. Don't leave!

"Shhhh...We've got you." Remus reassured her, green eyes sparkling in the soft morning light as he moved to a tall knee, his hand already stroking his cock as he moved between Sirius' parted legs to pose himself before where they connected. His eyes ran hungrily over her body, leaving a heated trail in the wake until they landed at the part of her thighs. "C-Can I?" He questioned, his tongue sweeping across his lips.

Could he!? Jesus, was he offering!?

She'd let him do whatever the fuck he wanted, as long as she had his hands on her again—let alone his rather talented mouth. "Yes!" She managed through a moan, her nails scratching at Sirius' scalp as he pulled her thighs wider apart to expose more of her cunt to his husband.

"You better hurry," Sirius grunted. "I'm close."

Remus nodded, casting a quick glance up to his husband before he lowered on the mattress between them.

Hermione craned her head up, watching as Remus settled into a comfortable position where he could still fist his cock and gain access to Sirius and herself. His free hand moved to her lower abdomen, his fingers gently pressing on her womb until she could feel an odd—yet toe curling pressure in her cunt. Before she could even wrap her head around the new sort of bliss that radiated through her body, his mouth was on her.

The soft scratch of his facial hair against the most sensitive part of her body sent a shiver down her spine, and his tongue quickly descended in slow dragging flicks across her swollen clit. Her hand dropped to the back of his head, fingers fisting in his shaggy blond hair as a sudden completeness overwhelmed her.

"R-Remus!" His name slipped from her lips, her cry filled the room as she tried not lose herself to the pleasure immediately. *This* was what she needed. Not just their Alpha filling her—fucking her so good, but their Beta as well.

"That's is, Omega...come apart for us."

It was all Hermione could do to hold on to both of them as her orgasm ripped through her body at Sirius' Alpha command. Her body clenched around Sirius' cock, begging him to join her release as she held Remus' mouth securely to her cunt. Part of her was sure he was being smothered by the pressure, but she couldn't find it in her to care as they licked and fucked her through each drudging wave of her orgasm, dragging it out until her lungs burned for fresh air.

She felt Remus' mouth leave her cunt, and move to press a series of worshipping kisses and licks across her slick covers thighs, whispering soft praises of how good she was, and how proud he was for her coming against her skin.

Sirius followed soon after, his teeth already sunk into the soft flesh that capped her shoulder, instinct winning over logic as he roughly ground himself inside her as he came. The snarl of completion sounded like the best song she'd ever heard, echoing and sending strange little vibrations through her body as she felt him swell inside her until his knot prevented him from separating with her.

He fucked her still, his hips moving in shallow little thrusts since his knot could not allow for the deep penetration they both desired. His hands dropped her knees and he moved to strum his fingers over her clit in quick succession.

"Alpha...Alpha, please." She didn't know if she was asking for *more* or for him to stop, as her body was still struggling to return to earth from after effects of her first orgasm. Her body felt like it was on fire, burning, consuming, combusting all at once. Nothing felt as good as she did in that moment, and she wasn't completely sure if she'd ever feel normal again—not after being with both of them.

"One more, Omega...come for us once more and then I'll let you rest." Sirius whispered into her skin, his fingers swirling little circles around her clit, dragging shockwaves of pleasure throughout her body with the simple motion.

Remus pushed up from the mattress, his hand still working a furious rhythm over his cock as he kneed closer until Hermione felt the brush of his thighs against her arse. "I'm going to come, love...where do you want it?"

This was too much. The information overload coupled with the mind-numbing pleasure from Sirius' thick knot and wicked fingers was rendering her useless. She shook her head, her shaking hands lifting to grip the pillows below Sirius as she felt her body key up for another orgasm that was sure to destroy her.

"Answer him."

"On me! Anywhere—everywhere!"

She heard his gasping grunts of completion before she felt it—his hot seed splashing across her cunt and abdomen, coating her skin with evidence of his desire for her. Her eyes cracked open, and although her vision was hazy from the fog of heat, the image was exactly what she needed to push her over the edge.

His lips were parted, cheeks flushed pink and the look in his eye—lord help her if she'd thought she'd ever see something as beautiful as Remus coming apart above her. Remus milked his cock over her, fingers tugging tightly around the top of his cock just below the flared head, pushing out as much come as he could to paint her sweat stricken skin. And his other hand was firmly laced with one of Sirius', trembling from exertion as he clutched his husband's hand for support.

A scream ripped her throat raw as she came once more, her back arching off Sirius, her heart beat wild within her chest, as if matching the very essence of her soul. She could feel her pussy flutter around his knot, as if trying to lock herself to him, and push him from her at the same time.

Everything about this coupling—Sirius' commanding hold, the heavy feeling of his filling her just so, the soft caress of Remus' praise, and his mouth on her skin—it was divine. More than she deserved, more than she was prepared for.

Her mind swirled, struggling to keep up even the most basic of instincts, and the edges of her vision grew fuzzy as she sucked in deep gasping breaths once she'd floated back down from the transcendent experience of coming apart.

Remus had moved to lay beside them, his body pressed tightly against her and Sirius' side as he alternated between kisses her and Sirius. Both his and Sirius' hands were on her, smearing his seed into her skin. His hand worked gently on her abdomen, kneading the soft supple skin and taut muscles.

Sirius hand slipped across her sticky belly, coating it in his husband's essence before he brought it up to rub across her glands, focusing particular attention to the throbbing raised skin on the side of her neck.

"Such a good girl...you're so perfect for us, Hermione." Sirius' praise sounds echoey, as if he was across the room instead of laying knotted beneath her. "You did *so well*."

"I—I—" her voice stuttered as she tried to find the words that could best articulate the myriad of emotions the brewed inside her. She was so happy—so full—so bloody content, but *so tired*. She never wanted this to end, but knew their time together was limited. Yes, she'd just begun her heat, but even through the haze she knew that this was not forever.

"Shhh." Remus whispered, his nose nudging against her temple. "Rest...You need your rest."

Rest...he was right. Sleep did sound good. Especially with them rubbing her tummy like this.

She wiggled on top of Sirius, arms reaching to wrap around Remus and she felt their Alpha's chuckle rumble her chest before he rolled them over so Hermione lay snugly between them.

Her arms moved around Remus middle, tugging him close until she could nuzzle into his chest, her nose buried in the soft smattering of chest hair that coated his torso and she took deep inhales of his sweet aroma.

Biscuits. Honey. *Home*.

She felt two sets of arm's move around her, trapping her in their warmth, and suddenly the world seemed to fade. She had everything she needed right here—an Alpha to protect her, to cherish and worship her. A Beta to snuggle, and make her feel warm. She didn't need *anything else*.

Twenty four hours.

She'd been lost to her heat for nearly twenty-hour hours, and the burn felt so strong. The need to have one of them fucking her—filling her with their cock and their come until she was boneless and sedated was the only thing that kept her going.

Pure primal instinct. She didn't care for food or water, and nearly cried when Remus made her eat before he allowed Sirius to so much as touch her earlier, but once she'd had what he'd deemed as an appropriate amount of food, she was given the privilege of returning to Sirius arms—and more importantly, his cock.

"*Alpha, more.*" She whinged into the comforter. Her hands fisted the soaked bedding beside her head, nails ripping small holes into the once clean cotton bedding. Sirius had ordered her on all fours, requesting she present her pussy to him, to show him how badly she needed his knot, and was taking his time exploring her with his mouth and fingers.

Sirius hummed against her, his tongue lapping at the slick that poured from her, not daring to let even a drop slip past his eager mouth. "Jesus, she tastes so fucking good." He growled against her cunt, the words sending small vibrations that ran directly up her spine. His hand was between her parted legs, fingers swirling small circles over the swollen bud that was begging for attention.

Remus stood behind Sirius, his hands stroking encouraging up and down his lovers flanks, touching, loving, stroking his skin as he stayed a passive participant. They'd fallen into an easy routine over the past twenty four hours, with Sirius leading the charge as the Alpha. He'd take Hermione first, burning the edge off of her need the best way he knew how, filling her full of his come like she'd begun to beg for. Only once his knot deflated, did he allow Remus to have her next, opting to sit back and watch the pair-and sometimes participate, as his husband finished her off.

They leave her boneless and aching, but sedated until the next flare of desire woke her and demanded their attention all over again.

And this time was no different than the last, except Sirius seemed intent on making her fall into hysterics before giving her what she needed.

Tears sprang to her eyes, and she buried her face in the comforter as she fought to climax. Everything felt so sensitive and raw, but the need was deeper than that. She *needed* more than just his fingers and mouth to get her there. She *needed* to be full of him.

His tongue lapped at her opening, briefly dipping inside before he ran it up the cleft of her crack and let it swirl around the furrowed hole he'd been preparing with his finger.

"*Alpha!*"

"She needs you to take her," Remus reminded his lover gently, his hand stroking across Sirius' sweaty black hair, fingers brushing the strands back from his face.

"*I know what she needs.*" Sirius snapped, blown gray eyes narrowing on his lover accusingly.

Hermione whimpered, the Alpha tone cutting right through the inferno raging inside her, causing a fresh wave of slick to slip from her cunt and trickle down her thighs. "*Alpha—Sirius, please.*"

She could feel his fingers still on her clit, and a small pulse of relief radiated from her cunt through her body as he withdrew his hand. Her body ached, muscles sore and tired from being so tense as he toyed with her, keeping her perpetually on edge, not giving her enough to push her over. She slumped against the bed, her hips still in the air, presenting her backside to her Alpha and Beta as she took deep gulps of air.

He drug his hands over her arse cheeks, kneading the supple flesh and she could feel her slick on his fingers, spreading across her skin. "On the bed, Remus." Sirius commanded, his voice low and thick, but not dipping into Alpha territory just yet.

"Love, she need—"

"I said *on the bed.*"

She felt the mattress dip beside her, and a trail of new fingertips running up her spine. Turning towards him, Hermione opened her half lidded eyes to peer up at Remus. He was beautiful. All golden and blonde. His looked freshly washed, and so warm—so inviting. She could scent his aroma even through the pugent smell of sex and sweat that lingered on the curtains around them, trapping them in the haze of pheromons that kept her on edge.

Her hand slipped across the mattress and she ran her fingers across the thick muscle of his thigh, thumb stroking the soft hairs that peppered his skin adoringly.

Remus smiled down to her, kind green eyes glittering in the soft light. She couldn't tell if it was the sun rising, or the sun setting, time seemed irrelevant trapped in this bed with them—but whatever the case it may be, it was doing wonders to highlight every perfect feature about their Beta.

"You okay, love?"

Hermione nodded, her lips pressing together as she bit back a whinge, knowing her Alpha wasn't falling for the needy little whimpers that she tried to entice him with moments earlier.

"I'm so *empty*."

"I know, love." Remus sighed, his brows lifting sympathetically as his hand moved across her back and over her shoulder to cup her cheek. "We'll take care of you."

"Against the headboard, Remus." Sirius' commanding voice cut through the private conversation, and Remus lifted his eyes from her, giving a quick nod to his husband before he reluctantly took his hand from her cheek and he moved to lean back against the headboard, his legs parted around Hermione's torso.

Sirius withdrew his hands from her skin, and an immediate sense of worry filled her. Her head snapped towards her shoulder and she looked at him with wide eyes, her bottom lip quivering. She'd been good! So good. She'd done everything he needed. She built the nest to keep them safe and warm. They'd told her it was a good nest. He'd told her she was being so good—and if that was the case, why was he doing this? Torturing her so!?

Sirius ran his hands through his shaggy black hair, gray eyes flickering between her and his husband as he edged around Hermione to fall beside her on the bed. "You've been very good, Hermione." Sirius began, propping his chin against his curved elbow as he looked between the two as he rolled flat on his stomach. "So very good."

Hermione nodded, a confusing sense of pride waging war with her inability to understand why, if he said she was being good, would he stop touching her?

"You want to keep being good for me—for us, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"That's right...you do. Such a sweet girl...so eager to please." Sirius crooned, his lips lifting in a small smile. "Do me a favor then, love...get Remus nice and hard for me, will you?"

Hermione gulped, her tongue dragging across her dry lips. "A-and then you'll?"

"And then I've got big plans for your pretty little cunt."

She felt her pussy clench, and her thighs quivered at his wicked little promise. Pushing up on her hands, Hermione steadied her shaky limbs before lifting her head to look at Remus who lay silent against the headboard, one leg bent, his elbow pressing into his knee cap.

She crawled towards him, slinking across the mattress until she was just between his thighs and she ran her hands across his inner thighs as eyes lifted from admiring his skin to connect with his.

"Jesus, you're beautiful." His voice was barely above a whisper, as thick and needy as her own. Knowing she could affect him just as much as she could their Alpha was intoxicating. He was supposed to be unaffected by her heat—just like every other Beta in the world, completely unaware of the biological pull that Demi-Humans had on one another. Which meant this desire he felt for her wasn't just heat driven, but rather driven by a true attraction for her.

"You are too." She whispered as she scooted in close, her fingers ghosting across his inner thighs until she could wrap her hand around his half-hard cock, earning a small stuttering breath from him. "Can I..."

"Can you?" Remus gulped, running his hands up and down her sides, letting her explore and touch him however she saw fit.

"Can I suck your cock?"

Remus swore, his eyes drifting close and he leaned his head back against the headboard as he took a slow deep breath. "Christ, Hermione..." He was losing control just as quickly as they were, falling pray to the pheromones and scent of sex that hung in the air and drove them more into this heat driven frenzy.

"Please, Remus." Hermione whispered, inching even closer between his parted thighs. "Please let me suck your cock."

"Yes. God, yes." He cracked open his eyes, nodding towards her and before he could take it back, she sunk down to lay on her belly between his legs.

She left her legs parted, intent on showing their Alpha who still lay behind them just how wet and inviting her pussy was, as she set to work at getting Remus as hard as their Alpha wanted. She held his cock by the base, keeping him firmly in place as she placed soft experimental little flicks across the head of his cock, gauging his reaction to determine what felt best before she wrapped her lips around him.

Remus' hand sunk into her curls, and she heard the soft thunk of his head hitting the headboard before her name was moaned into the room. He tasted just as amazing as he smelt. So sweet, and salty, like the caramel from the street fair from her youth. She closed her eyes, humming in approval as she began to bob her head, dragging her tongue across the underside his member with each downward stroke.

"Does she suck cock well, love?" Sirius was at it again, driving them both mad with his endless supply of filthy words. She'd begun to feed off them, like some greedy little monster, eager to see what level of filth she could get to tumble from his lips as he drove his cock into her, and now was no different.

She hollowed her cheeks, sucking as hard as she could, doubling her efforts at bringing Remus as much pleasure as she was allowed.

"So fucking good."

"She looks so perfect between your thighs, love...I could watch her suck you off every bloody day for the rest of my life."

"*Fuck!*"

"Would you like that? Her mouth on your cock whenever you want it?"

"God, yes."

"And what about you, little one?" Sirius' hand ran up her spine, and it was only then did she noticed he's moved up the mattress to knee just beside where Remus sat. "Would you like that? Sucking his cock...letting him fuck that pretty little mouth of yours."

Hermione looked up through thick lashes at Sirius, melting under his touch as she nodded, her lips still firmly wrapped around Remus' shaft. Of course she'd fucking like that—to have access to these two beautiful men whenever she wanted? She'd be fucking daft to say otherwise. But she wasn't *that* lucky—now was she? This was just the heat talking, plucking possibilities out of the sky like they were fruit on a tree. Life wasn't as easy as his words made it seem.

Sirius left his hand on her shoulder, his fingers teasing around the edge of her gland, as his other hand moved to curl around Remus' jaw and he turned his husband head toward him. "Open up, love...let's show her how well you suck cock, huh?"

Remus' eyes blew wider, his pupils nearly engulfing the green irises as Sirius used his thumb to part his lips before the head of his cock was nudged into his mouth. Remus' hand curled tighter into her hair, a painful sting screaming across her scalp as his hips thrust up into her mouth, causing his cock to slam into the back of her throat.

She wasn't able to move, frozen in shock and awe as she watched Remus hungrily swallow Sirius' thick cock, his mouth spread so wide, and yet it could barely fit around his husband's cock, but it was clearly a problem they'd adapted around over the years.

Sirius' hand dropped from Remus' jaw to stroke the bottom half of his cock, holding it steady as he gave little thrusts into his husbands mouth, encouragement pouring from his lips. "That it...take it. Fuck, you're so bloody good."

Her hands, still posed on Remus' thighs, flexed against the thick muscle as a bloom of heat tore through her. Her Alpha and Beta were beautiful—absolutely breathtaking, but seeing them like this, so raw, so wild—it made her want to do nothing more than give them every part of her.

Remus' eyes closed, his hand unwound in her hair moving to rest against his husband tattooed abdomen, fingers stroking across the taunt muscles as he tried to work more of Sirius' cock into his mouth.

Hermione lifted up, Remus' cock slipping from her lips, her hand still curled around him as she watched them. Heat be damned, that visual had to be the sexiest thing she'd ever seen in her life. Her body practically vibrated with need as a fresh pulse of slick coated her thighs.

Sirius' eyes drifted to her, and he bit his bottom lip, holding her gaze as he pumped himself into his husband mouth, a small trickle of sweat beading across his forehead. "You like watching, Omega?" He growled, his tone low and powerful, turning her insides to mush.

Hermione nodded, slowly pushed up so she sat on her knees, still snug between Remus thighs. She rubbed her thighs together, trying to relieve some of the pressure from her pussy that had begun to ache with the need to be filled.

"You hear that, love? Our little Omega likes watching you such my cock....I wonder if she'd like watching me bend you over the bed and fucking you till you come." Sirius growled, drawing his eyes back down to Remus, a dark desire flashed deep within his eyes when they locked on his husband who had come as undone as she felt at his words.

Reaching down Sirius carded his fingers into Remus' sandy blonde hair before pushing his head back until his cock slipped from Remus' mouth with an audible pop. Leaning down he guided him into a rough kiss, his tongue sweeping into his mouth and Hermione wondered if he could taste himself on Remus' tongue.

Her hand slipped between her thighs, and she ran her fingers through her sodden curls, fingers rubbing softly against her swollen clit, trying to relieve some of the ache as she waited her turn.

"On your back, love." Sirius growled into Remus' mouth before biting at his bottom lip as he pulled away. Straightening up, he pushed his hair back from his face before turning towards Hermione, and when he caught sight of what she was doing, she watched his fingers flex. "You needy, little Omega...couldn't wait for us to take care of you, could you?"

Hermione shook her head no, spreading her knees wider to expose more of herself to him as she slipped two fingers inside her dripping cunt. She let out a small gasp as she rubbed against the swollen walls of her cunt, a shiver of pleasure running from the bottom of her spine to the top. It was good, but not what she needed. Like applying an ice pack to a burn, it was only temporarily relieving the pressure that built steadily within her, not riding her of it.

Remus moved around Hermione, the tips of his fingers brushing across her leg as he moved to lay in the centre of the bed, his wet cock standing at attention. He was patient—much more than she, and Hermione vaguely wondered if this was a little game they played often. Sirius in charge, Remus the patient lover who followed his every command. The Omega in her wondered if perhaps there was a spot for her to play with them for forever, perhaps nestled between their bodies, receiving and taking whatever they would give her.

Sirius crawled towards her on all fours, sinking into the mattress, curling into the thick layers of their nest until he hovered right before her. "Show me how you want me to fuck you" he whispered, dark eyes flashing between her face and her cunt.

Hermione's head tipped back and little noises torn between whimpers and moans spilled from her lips as she moved her fingers in her body as deep as they could reach in hard quick thrusts. It was good, so much better than feeling empty, but she knew she'd never be able to get off like this—not with him and Remus so close, their scent pungent in the air, a reminder she could get exactly what her body needed.

"So fucking beautiful." Sirius whispered, his breath tickling the skin on her right breast and just when she lifted her head to look down towards him, she felt his mouth wrap around the hardened peak.

"Ugh!" A new gush of slick pulsed down her hand and spilled onto the blanket beneath her, her body trembling. "*Please, Alpha...Please fuck me.*"

Sirius hummed around her nipple, his teeth nipping at the tip of her areola before he pulled back to nuzzle against the soft swell of her breast with the tip of his nose. "Since you asked so sweetly...climb on Remus' face...I want to watch you swallow his come while I fill your pretty little pussy."

Her limbs felt heavy and impossible to move under the weight of her need, but she crawled towards Remus, and was thankful when he helped guide her over his body. Her kneecaps pressed against his shoulders, hands resting on the flat of his stomach. Sane Hermione might think twice about this position—but heat driven Hermione happily lowered her aching cunt over Remus awaiting mouth, grinding against him as his tongue swept across her clit in low, rough strokes.

"R-Remus! Oh God." She pressed her forehead against his stomach, her fingers trembling as she moved them down his body to rest on his pelvis and when he flicked the top of his tongue over her clit, she'd entirely forgotten when she was supposed to do.

Remus' arms curled over her hips and his hands rested on the globes of her arse, spreading her wide for easier access as he nuzzled into her quim, she was certain her slick was in his hair and dribbling down his neck, but fuck if she didn't care.

"Aren't you going to return the favor, Omega?" Sirius' low timbre made her thighs quiver, and she lifted her head to look over her shoulder, watching as he maneuvered behind her, thighs spread wide to accommodate for Remus' head. "Aren't you going to show him how grateful you are that he's licking your cunt so well?"

She felt Sirius cock sweep through her folds, between the heady combination of Remus' tongue at her clit and from where Sirius was notching himself against her opening, the feelings were intoxicating. She wasn't going to make it—she was already teetering on the edge of an orgasm, and only needed the slightest push to fall over. How could he expect her to suck off Remus when she was *so close*.

"Do it, Omega. Show him how grateful you are."

It was as if her brain snapped and her body obeyed the command despite the overwhelming sensations that raged through her body. She wrapped her hand around the base of Remus' shaft, and quickly followed with her lips. She leaned forward, gently dragging her cunt over his mouth as she bobbed her head up and down; and as she began to slide back into place on the upstroke of her mouth, she felt Sirius' cock breach her body and suddenly he was in her.

The stretch wasn't nearly as painful as it was the first time they were together, but it still stole the breath from her lungs, sending sharp waves of pain-pleasure rippling over every nerve ending in her. She cried around Remus' cock, the vibrations pulsating around his cock that sat just at the edge of her throat and she felt Remus' body go tense beneath her.

"That's it...that's our good girl." Sirius praised, his hand settling over the dip in her back, pressing lightly until she angled her hips up just enough for him to set a perfect and deep penetrating rhythm.

Hermione's eyes slammed closed as wave after wave of pleasure pulsed through her, filling her from the tips of her toes to the roots of her hair each time Sirius bottomed out inside her. The overly full feeling of being filled by their Alpha coupled with Remus' exploring mouth was wicked and transcendent. She was fairly certain she wasn't actually on earth anymore, but had somehow died and drifted into the heavens.

Soon the sounds of their coupling overtook her moans, the soft primal grunts from both men, the wet sound from Remus between her thighs and she between his and of course, the soft smack of Sirius' hips slapping against her backside, painting her skin red with each thrust.

Remus was the first to come, he groaned her name into her cunt and his fingers curled around her hips tightly. She felt his cock pulse between her lips, his sticky seed coating the back of her throat and instead of pulling away she pushed him as far into her mouth and throat as he could do, greedily swallowing down as much of him as she could until she couldn't breathe, let alone think straight.

It wasn't until she felt a hand wrap into her curls, yanking her head back, pulling her mouth away from his cock did she actually intake air again. Her back arched, providing a deeper penetration for her Alpha as a sharp cry left her lips at the small flare of pain from the tug on her curls.

"So fucking good for us." Sirius snarled behind her, his hips snapping erratically. He'd lost himself in a rut, intent on filling her and fucking her until she was boneless and quivering. "Such a good Omega. Taking his cock so well...and look at you, begging for my knot."

Her cries died on her tongue, and soon it was all she could do to just breathe through the over stimulating pleasure the burned through her veins. The world was hazy, lost to the fog of heat once more. And suddenly, he was pulling her upright, forcing her body as far down on his cock as physics would allow as his mouth latched onto her neck, teeth sinking into the already marred skin on her shoulder as his knot swelled inside her.

She struggled to hang onto reality, her world shifting from color to black and white as pleasure overtook her senses. She could feel his come pulsing in thick waves deep in her body, filling her until the combination of their fluids slipped from where their bodies were joined by his knot. Each pulse from his cock sending wave after wave of unbidden pleasure ripping through her, as if pulling her apart at the seams. She felt as if she was never going to recover, that this was her undoing. She slumped back into Sirius as he latched onto her body, his arms encircling her waist, and his hand pressed reverently over her womb—the primal instinct to touch where their future pups would grow adding a strange layer of completion to her orgasm. And just when it crested, her pleasure peaking, the world faded to black.

Chapter End Notes

okay, so I'm real shit at replying to comments, but I swear I'm trying! Just know I read (and giggle like a mad woman) at every single one of them. <3 As promised, more smut

was delivered and guess what—there's still more to come. I feel like Oprah. "You get some smut, and You get some smut, AND YOU GET SOME SMUT!" Best gig ever.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Wake up, love. You need to eat."

Hermione groaned, batting at the gentle hand on her shoulder before she rolled away from the invasive touch. Eating wasn't important. She wanted sleep—and then she wanted her Beta and Alpha to fuck her, in that particular order. Food could come later, maybe while they were fucking her, if they were so bloody keen on forcing her to eat.

Nothing else mattered.

Not food. Not drink, not even that stupid writing job she had waiting for her once she made it through her heat.

"Hermione, please, love. It's time to get up." Remus huffed, his hand gently curling around her shoulder, tugging her onto her back.

"*Idon'twantfood.*" Hermione groaned, her arms lifting dramatically to drape over her head, blocking the too bright light of the room from disturbing her further.

"Jesus, she's almost as bad as you." Remus laughed, and she felt the mattress shift beside her. "At least she's cute when she pouts, you just look like an overgrown puppy. It's rather annoying."

"Hey!" Sirius protested and the distinct sound of a *smack* punctuated his word. "I do not. I'm fucking charming—and a treasure even."

"I never said you *weren't*. Just that she's much cuter."

"Well, I won't argue there...she *is* rather cute...especially with those pretty ti—"

"Sirius!"

"What?"

Hermione groaned, her arms falling beside her on the mattress and she cracked open her eyes to peer down to where their voices as drifted from. Remus stood at the end of the bed, wearing a clean pair of shorts, his hair damp, and his sweet scent replaced by the scent of a mild soap and lemon.

Sirius was still as naked as she, his hair oily and matted. She wasn't sure how many days it'd been already, but judging by the growing mess in the room of the empty water bottles scattered about and the pungent odor of sex that seemed to cling to every surface, including her own skin, she guessed about three—possibly four.

She could still feel the burning fire of her heat flicker in her belly, but it wasn't nearly as bad as before. Her body ached—but not from the fever. No, it was that same stiff muscle ache one got after running a kilometer, or lifting heavy boxes. Truthfully, she felt as if she'd gotten the hell beat out of her, but in the best way possible.

"You two are loud." Hermione whispered, her throat raw.

Sirius turned towards her, a crooked smile spreading across his lips and he extended his hand towards her. "Good morning, princess." He teased with a wink.

Hermione pursed her lips, still debating rolling over and going back to bed—or maybe showing him her backside and luring him back into the nest with an enticing sway her hips, but the biological need for him to be inside her wasn't nearly as strong as it was before. At least not strong enough for her to overlook how utterly embarrassing it would be to actually do that.

Reaching out, she let her hand fall into his and she allowed him to pull her up and across the mattress until she was perched in his lap. His arms wrapped around her waist, his mouth pressing softly against her bruised and bitten shoulders affectionately. "Good morning."

Remus' eyes crinkled as he watched them, leaning against the poster of his bed. It was only then that she noticed he'd drawn back one of the side of the curtains around their bed, and a small ping of disappointment bloomed to life in her belly when the realization that the exposure of their nest didn't send signal immediate alarm bells within her mind.

Her heat was fading.

This time she had with them was going to end.

And despite the warmth of Sirius' hug and kind smile from Remus, she felt a mournful sadness ebb its way into her heart.

"How are you feeling?" Remus' question brought her back to reality, and she blinked up at him. He reached out to lay his hand on her knee, thumb stroking gently across her thigh. "Can we get you anything?"

She figured a permanent space in their bed might be a stretch to ask for, so instead she opted for something more attainable and less pipe-dream like. "A shower would be great actually." She admitted, reaching up to touch the matted curls on top of her head. She must have looked like a nightmare, all sweat crusted and mussed, how they could even stand to look at her without bursting into laughter was surprising.

"I think we can accommodate that." Remus teased, winking at her before glancing over his shoulder as he lifted his hand to gesture towards the door that sat on the left side of the room. "Right through there, love. While you shower, is it okay if I change the bedding? I'd like to tidy up a bit."

Hermione looked behind her, over Sirius' shoulder to the nest—*their nest*. The mound of blankets, pillows and sheets that had once been a carefully constructed bed to hold them was

now a twisted mess of bedding. Pillows strewn across the king sized mattress haphazardly, blankets hanging halfway to the floor. No semblance of the protective walls she'd once created remained.

"Oh...yes of course." Remus didn't likely feel the same as she did about the whole ordeal. How a pile of bedding could build a space in her heart was daft, and illogical, and although still lingering in the trails of heat, she was coherent enough to understand that it was for the best. The sheets were filthy, stained with evidence of their vigorous coupling over the last few days and dribbles of food that had slipped from their fingers when they fed her and one another.

"If you'd rather—"

"No, no." Hermione shook her head, tearing her eyes away from their nest and she forced a smile on her lips. "It's okay, honest." She didn't know who she was trying to convince, herself or him, but based on the hesitant look in his eye, she knew she was failing miserably on both fronts.

Gently wiggling away from Sirius' grasp, her toes hit the carpet first and she stood on wobbly legs, like a baby deer taking its first steps. Her thighs ached, and with the first step she took a sharp flare of muscle fatigue ran from the tops of her thighs all the way down to her tips of her toes. "Oh Jesus." She gasped as she stumbled under her own weight, her thighs quaking and she gripped the poster of their bed as to not topple onto the floor.

"Hermione!"

"You alright?"

The men said in unison, and before Hermione could so much as lift a hand to indicate she was fine, Sirius was on her. His rough hands moved across her skin, igniting those low embers of desire and he scooped her up into his arms with that Alpha ease that sent a foreign thrill of protection trickling down her spine.

"Maybe you ought to go with her, Sirius." Remus said as he moved closed, his hand lifting to brush the curls from Hermione's forehead before he laid his palm across her brow like her mother did as a small child checking for fever. "She's still warm."

"I'm fine, truly. My legs are—"

"I'll help her bathe...I could probably use a shower myself." Sirius spoke over her, gray eyes not even so much as glancing her way when he spoke his edict. "You'll be okay tidying by yourself? We could just move to the guest room if it's too much."

Move?! Away from the scent you've created. Away from their bed.

Her heat thumped to life, and her hands that lay against his chest trembled as a flood of irrational fear seized her. "Wait, no. I'm fine! Honest. Please don't—"

Sirius eyes dropped to her and the smoldering fire that burned within his eyes silenced her, stealing the words straight from her mind, as if he could read her thoughts. His hand curled around her thigh and gave it a gentle squeeze as the corners of his mouth lifted ever so slightly in the hint of a smile. "Okay, okay, we won't relocate."

Hermione nodded, her bottom lip still quivering as she leaned into his chest, letting her nose rest against his gland. She could scent his pheromones still, but it wasn't as thick as before. She had to get close for them to over power the rest of the room, and she couldn't help but think this wasn't quite fair. For her heat to end...for life to go back to normal—one without them beside her.

"You got her?" She felt Remus' hand stroke across the top of her curls.

"Yeah." Sirius assured him.

She could feel Remus' chest press against her bare shoulder, the warmth from his body warming her skin as he leaned on to press a gentle kiss on his husband's lips. "Love you."

"Love you too."

Guilt. The overwhelming, vicious, eroding guilt ate at her heart as she listened to the declarations of love. She shouldn't be here with them. They were fucking married, obviously happily so. And even if their mutual agreement to this little arrangement somehow made it all okay, she most certainly shouldn't be feeling the way she did about them.

She felt Remus press a kiss against the top of her head, his hand brushing across her neck, his fingertips dancing over her gland, eliciting a small gasp from her throat and he hummed happily against her. "Be good, Hermione." He reminded her, his nose nuzzling into her matted curls affectionately.

When his hand moved from her neck, an emptiness filled her stomach. This was stupid—truly daft. It was the heat making her feel this way—wasn't it?

Sirius adjusted his hold on her, curling her body into his chest and she could hear a melodic hum trail behind Remus as he moved out of the bedroom and downstairs to fetch god only knows what to tidy up the mess they'd made over the past several days in the bedroom.

She nuzzled into the safety of Sirius' neck, trying to lose herself in his musky scent, hoping the pheromones would take away the confusing ache that had settled in her chest. She felt Sirius move, and soon the soft light that filled the bedroom was replaced by a much brighter glow.

"Can you stand?" He whispered, his breath spreading across her bare skin, adding kindling to the low burning fire that was already beginning to build in her stomach. She lifted her head from his neck, pulling back just enough to look up at him and she nodded.

"I think so." Her voice was soft, uncertain. Sirius, sensing her apprehension, took his time to set her down in front of the large vanity. His hands stayed on her hips, rooting her in place

until he was positive she wasn't going to fall, and only once he was certain did he release her to cross the bathroom to open the glass shower door.

She looked around the bathroom curiously, noticing the little trinkets that made up Sirius and Remus' life together. Two toothbrushes sitting in the holder, two hand towels folded neatly beside the sink. Two bottles of cologne. Everything was a perfect set.

Teeth worried her bottom lip as she leaned against the counter, shuffling her feet across the plush bath mat nervously.

"Come on, love. Let's get you cleaned up."

Sirius' low grumbly timbre pulled her attention away from examining the fixtures of this perfect little life he'd created with Remus, and she looked across the bathroom where he stood just inside the steaming shower, hand extended towards her in invitation.

He was as naked as she, but vastly more confident in the way he held himself. Very prideful about his body, while Hermione felt almost shy. She was likely much different than the caliber of women Sirius might have fooled around with once upon a time. There was a softness to her lower abdomen she couldn't lose despite dieting, and a jiggle to her backside that haunted her. Her arms instinctively wrapped around her middle as she crossed to him, ignoring his hand to slip into the large shower beside him. "Thanks."

The harsh spray of the hot water felt like heaven on her aching muscles, soothing and calming the deep bruises and bites that claimed her neck and shoulders. Water cascaded across her face, soaking the thick mess of curls, dragging them down her back and she let out a slow groan in satisfaction. Jesus, that felt...so nice.

She hadn't realised how sticky and unclean she felt, but the moment the hot water hit her skin, washing away three days worth of sex and sleep, it was as if she was being born anew. Her hands moved up from guarding her middle and she drug them across her face under the hot stream.

"Looks like you're enjoying yourself." Sirius chuckled, and she could hear him fumble around with some of the bottles that lined the back of the shower. "Mind if I help?"

Taking half a step away from the stream so it hit the back of her neck instead of her face, Hermione wicked the excess water away from her eyes before they blinked open. "Oh you don't have to—"

"I know I don't." Sirius was already closing in on her, pouring some iridescent white shampoo in his open palm. "I *want* to."

Jesus, how was she supposed to respond to that? She couldn't very well say no, right? It would be considered rude...and the last thing she wanted was to throw their hospitality in their face—especially after they'd taken care of her so well.

"Oh...okay." She gulped thickly as he drew even closer, the narrow space between them disappearing as he flipped the bottle closed with a snap of his finger before he let it drop to

the floor of the shower without a second thought.

"Turn around."

Flashbacks of her heat flooded her mind, images of him bending her over the edge of the bed, fingering her arsehole while he fucked her dripping cunt replayed over and over in her mind like a movie reel and she had to bite back a moan as she complied with his command, thankful that her back was to him so he couldn't see the rising colour in her cheeks.

"How are you feeling?" Sirius questioned as sunk his fingers into her curls on top of her head. Slowly he lathered the shampoo in soft circles, nails scratching lightly at her scalp as he worked his way from her roots towards the ends of her curls. "Aside from sore...evidently."

Hermione bit her bottom lip, eyes drifting closed as she tipped her head back. Was this one of Sirius' many talents? Muscian, Sex God, Expert Dirty Talker and Professional Hair Washer? Jesus it was a wonder Remus married the bloke. He wasn't even on the market and Hermione was already beginning to debate the merits of pologamy.

"Good. Yes sore. I feel like I got hit by a bloody freight train if I'm being honest...but good nonetheless." She said with a small laugh, letting him manipulate her head under the spray of the shower to wash out the suds he'd created. "You?"

"I'm starving...a bit sore...I'm going to be honest, my cock feels a bit raw, but don't let that fool you, I'm more than happy to do *whatever* you need of me." Sirius' magical fingers stroked across her drenched curls, pulling the last remaining bits of shampoo from them before he fumbled to a bottle of conditioner that sat on the ledge in the shower. Squirting the cold cream directly on the bottom of her curls, he began to work his fingers and the conditioner up into her hair, carefully pulling the small knots that had developed in her hair until he could run his fingers through it without snags.

"How chivalrous of you." Hermione teased, letting out a soft sigh in contentment as he pulled her back under the spray of the hot water to rinse the cream from her curls. "Ironically enough, that's one part of me that doesn't feel sore."

"You're cunt?" There was a distinct purr to the word that instantly flared her desire to life. It should be illegal to sound so bloody sexy saying a word like that, but then again, if it were he would have likely been locked up ages ago and she would have never had the pleasure of meeting him, Remus or their exquisite cocks.

"Yes...my—my cunt." Hermione said through a quick breath, and she tried to ignore the way he took in a sharp breath at her words. Reaching up she smoothed her curls back on her head before turning around to face him.

Sirius' eyes were already dark, brimming with that Alpha know-how she'd become accustomed to seeing over the last couple days. The corner of his mouth lifted in a smirk as he drug his eyes down her body before he shook his head, strands of black wet hair falling across his forehead. "You know why, right?" Sirius bent down, snatching up the fallen shampoo bottle and he squirted a small amount into his palm before he began to drag his hands through his own hair.

"Uh...no." Hermione said, her brow furrowing and she cocked her head to the side. They'd made no mention of Omega's not being in pain after their heat in all the classes she'd taken. Though to be fair, the text books typically dove into Omega pregnancy at that point and explained about the intense nesting period, following by the high sex drive, and then of course, the whole deal about the rate of multiples for Demi-Human births. And as *interesting* as that all was—which to adolescent Hermione, was not—she wasn't really keen on putting any of that information to good use anytime soon.

"It's because you're made for me." Sirius said plainly, stepping under the spray of water to wash the shampoo from his hair, but also effectively pushing her against the wall.

Hermione's back arched off the cold tiles, a small hiss as the sudden change of temperature and her hands moved to his chest instinctively. Her mind felt fuzzy at his closeness, and although the crisp scent of shampoo seemed to fill the bathroom like the billowing steam from the hot shower, she could almost swear she could scent *him* once more. "W-what?"

His hands moved to her waist, thumbs dragging over the small jut of her hip bones and he smiled down at her. "You're made for me...or rather, us, in this case." He eased her back against the wall until her spine lay straight, and one hand lifted, his forearm resting above her head so his fingers could slip into her curls, bracing himself against the wall as his other hand began to walk its way across her hips towards the apex of her thighs. "Can't you tell?"

Her world was beginning to feel distant again, getting lost in that heady fog. Her heart picked up its tempo, thumping steadily beneath her ribs as he ran his fingers across her slit.

Made for them. See. Theirs. They want you.

"I...Uh...I."

Sirius let out a breathy laugh, the puffs of hot air washing across her skin and he dropped his head until he could nudge her head to the side so he could get access to her neck—and in turn the aching gland that remained to be the only piece of unbitten skin across her shoulders.

"Your scent is different too. That's how I know. Like Remus' but...stronger." Sirius murmured, his lips ghosting across the raised patch of skin and Hermione felt her knees quake. "Like you belong to me already...and all I have to do is claim you to make it official."

Claim me. Claim me. Claim me.

She craned her neck towards his mouth, her body trembling with the need for him to sink his teeth into her gland, to mark her as his. To bind her to him for the rest of her days. It was illogical, irrational, and clearly being spurred by the blinding heat that had once again rose within her, but she couldn't tell the difference.

He wanted her. He wanted to share her with Remus, and she would happily spend eternity between the two men.

His fingers brushed between her folds, parting her labia with a firm touch and he moved them through her slick sodden curls, probing gently against her entrance. "*Fuck*," He hissed, teeth

scrapping across her gland. "You're already so wet and ready for me, Hermione. You feel it too, don't you?"

Feel it? Hermione could practically taste it! From their first meeting, at that little bistro by the Uni she felt this sense of completeness in their presence, but how could she tell what he said was real? She was in heat, and he was an Alpha, which meant he was biologically programmed to tell her whatever the fuck she wanted to hear if it got her off.

"Yes...*Yes*, I feel it."

But she could pretend. She could lose herself in the haze and forget, even if just for the next twenty four hours, that this might be nothing. That by Sunday she would be at home, alone, in her own bed, nursing the bruises and bites he left on her skin.

Sirius' hands moved quickly across her skin until he'd wrapped them both around her thighs and hoisted her up against the wall. "Can I take you now, Omega?" His voice was choppy in her ear, already blistering with need to fill her again. "Can I show you how perfectly you're built for me?"

Hermione's arms locked around his neck, her breasts pressing flat against his chest. Her response wasn't verbal, instead she opted to pull him into a searing kiss, letting it be his guide. Her fingers slipped into the back of his wet hair, curling into little fists as her legs looped around his waist, locking on his lower back just above his arse.

Sirius growls, nipping and biting at her lips and tongue as he pressed her harder into the cold tile, the spray from the shower beat against Sirius back, sending droplets flinging across her cheeks and arms. She felt his cock press where his finger's were moment before, and he adjusted his grip on her thighs, moving his hands to the soft line where her arse began to swell and he took handfuls of her supple skin, holding her open as he slid home inside her once more.

"Holy fuck." Hermione broke the kiss as he slammed into her pussy, filling her completely from this new angle. She swore he felt bigger, reaching deeper than he had all their previous times as he filled her over and over. Where Remus was almost kind as he fucked her, Sirius never once changed from the possessive demeanor. Even now, against the shower wall, he pumped into her like a man possessed, as if he wanted to dominate not just her body, but her soul.

"*Mine*." He snarled into her chin, teeth nipping at the delicate flesh. "This pussy is *mine*."

Hermione's eyes rolled back in her head, her hand lifting from his hair to brace against the wall above her, nails scrambling against the tile for purchase as her body absorbed every fierce thrust he slammed into her.

"*Say it*." Sirius commended, his fingernails scratching against her skin. "*Tell me whose pussy this is*."

"Y-Yours!" She cried, lost in the euphoria his cock dragged from her body. "I'm yours....Fuck, *Alpha*, right there!"

Sirius hissed as her hand on his head slipped to grip his shoulders, her nails cutting into the skin his shoulder as he bottom out, the head of his cock slamming against her cervix, making stars burst behind her closed eyes.

"I *know* what you need...I know exactly how to please you." Sirius continued, his hips snapping loudly against hers. "I know you don't just need my cock....isn't that right? You want Remus too, don't you little one? You want my come filling you up, but you also want my husbands."

Her breath caught in her throat, and she could feel the words get stuck on the lump that had steadily begun to form. He was right, so fucking right. She wanted Sirius, yes, but she didn't want him alone—she wanted them both. For now, for forever. She wanted to ride Remus every morning for breakfast, and let Sirius plow her into the mattress for dessert. She wanted her days to begin and end sandwiched between the men. And when she was too tired to join in on their bedroom fun, she wanted—more than fucking anything, to watch.

"So full of our come...so full of our *pups*."

The last word sent her spiraling, jumping feet first off the cliff of her orgasm and not locking back. The world around her faded as she clung to him, his name the only word off her lips as she rocked against him, trying to drive as much of him in her body as she could.

He was right. She wanted it all, and like some sort of fucking wizard, he was able to decode her darkest, most primal desires.

Sirius' teeth found the junction of her shoulder and neck, and he latched on as he fucked her roughly, drawing out her orgasm until he felt himself moments away from joining her. He pulled out, letting his cock slap noisily on her wet cunt before he came. Hot spurts of his seed coating her damp curls, painting them with evidence of his desire for her.

She whimpered, wiggling to try and slip him back inside her as he came, mourning the loss of his seed and how he didn't fill her body full of it, but as she watched his cock swell, his knot filling out the top of his cock just below his flared head until he was thick, and pulsing, Hermione understood why.

They were in the shower, and thus couldn't get stuck together for the next twenty minutes unless they both enjoyed bathing in icy cold water.

Sirius panted against her skin, his heartbeat tattooing a steady rhythm against her chest and he pressed soft open mouthed kisses along her shoulder as he gently lowered her back down to the shower floor.

He took a step back, his heavy cock falling against his thigh, showing no signs of softening anytime soon, as he looked her up and down, dark eyes lingering on where his come still clung to the dark curls between her thighs and he bit his bottom lip as the corner of his mouth lifted in a satisfied smile. "So fucking sexy. Jesus, how did we get so lucky?"

Hermione blushed, panting as she leaned back on the wall. A shaky lifting to push her water logged curls back from her flushed face. "Weren't you supposed to be helping me clean up—

not making more of a mess?" Hermione questioned playfully, cocking her brow at him.

A flash of an idea brightened his eyes, and Sirius' tongue ran across his lips. "You're right...Guess I better hurry and get you clean before Remus thinks I'm not taking proper care of you." Sirius sunk to his knees before his dark eyes honing in on pussy as he nudged his way forward.

"*Sirius*," Hermione gasped when she felt one of his highs lift her thigh, and drape it over his shoulder. Her hand went to his head to stability as the other pressed against the shower wall. "W-what are you doing?"

Sirius peered up at her through thigh lashes, gray eyes storming. "Cleaning you up...now let's see if Remus will be able to hear you all the way downstairs." He breathed against her cunt before leaning in, letting his tongue push through her come soaked curls as he began to lick his own seed off of her skin.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter coming at your later this week. Hopefully a little one on one Sirius & Hermione smut was just what the doctor ordered.

Until next time. xx

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Chapter is NSFW

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Their scent was still in the air, lingering around the bedroom, but it was faded, as if the fall breeze had somehow crept into their Brownstone and whisked it away. For the first time in a week, she felt the cold of the crisp morning, and as she burrowed underneath the thick black comforter, her legs still tangled with Sirius and Remus' the realisation sunk in.

Her heat was over.

Her muscles didn't ache, her skin wasn't sweat stricken, and the slick that had covered her thighs was gone. She was...normal; well as normal as an Omega could ever be. Her eyes fluttered, and she blinked the sleepy haze from her brain as her hand snaked up from the covers to brush across her gland that no longer ache.

Her fingertips pressed gently against where it now lay dormant and instead of unadulterated bliss, she felt...nothing. No pleasure, no pain, just empty.

She should be relieved, this is precisely what she wanted, but for some reason this news felt more like last goodbyes at a funeral instead of joyus. The soft snores from both Remus and Sirius filled the room, providing the only sound above the soft chirping of the birds outside the bedroom window.

Pushing up on the mattress, Hermione was careful not to disturb either man. She looked around the room curiously, as if seeing it for the very first time. Pictures of their lives together adorned the wall—snapshots from their world traveling vacations, and domestic bliss. They looked happy, content with one another. Like they needed nothing more in the world other than each other.

Hermione chewed on her bottom lip as she dragged her eyes away from examining her surroundings to look at the men that lay on either side of her. Even in their sleep they were still together, their fingers laced over the top of the pillow she'd used last night, a sweet example of their love for one another that just made her feel more guilty, and more confused about this whole situation.

Sirius told her she was *theirs*, as if she'd had a place not only in their hearts, but in their lives; but it couldn't be true. It had to be the heat talking—after all, how could they even find room in this perfect little life they'd created for her? They hardly knew her, beyond the small details Harry listed in her Findr profile, which was next to nothing. They didn't know how she took her tea, or that she read far too much, or that she absolutely hated shopping for clothes. They

didn't know she was allergic to strawberries, or that she was scared of swimming in bodies of water with fish in them. And they certainly didn't know that as much as she longed to find the person, or perhaps persons, she wanted to spend the rest of her life with, she was absolutely, positively terrified of falling in love.

Which also clearly meant that this—whatever *this* was between them was nothing. It was just a nice couple helping her through her heat, and because that was officially over, it meant that she could push these confusing feelings aside and forget about them. Because they certainly didn't want, nor need, someone like her meddling in their relationship.

Pushing the covers to pool around her waist, Hermione debated the easier way to exit the bed with sleeping men on either side of her. Sirius was sprawled like a starfish, practically taking up the entire real estate of the left side of the bed, whereas Remus had laid snug against her body, as if trying to absorb her warmth.

Logically, she couldn't crawl over Sirius without disturbing him in some fashion, so she opted to take her chances with Remus. She had less to crawl over with him, and—should he wake up, she could just tuck him against his lover before slipping out of the home.

Rolling onto her side, Hermione carefully swung her leg over Remus' waist, knee sliding against her bared hip and she pushed off the mattress, hovering over him, ready to slip onto the floor when she felt two impossibly warm hands find her waist and anchor her so that her pussy brushed across an already hard cock.

"Morning, Hermione." Remus didn't even open his eyes as he spoke, his voice low and syrupy.

An involuntary shiver ran down her spine, and her fingers flexed against the mattress. "M-Morning." She stammered, her tongue sweeping across her lips nervously. What was he doing? Surely he could sense her heat was gone, there was no need for him to— "Ahh!"

He was in her, his cock pushing past her folds in one gentle nudge and he guided her hips down until she was settled so perfectly in his lap, it was as if her body was built specifically to fit against his. His thumbs swept across the soft jut of her hip bones, a low grumble of bliss leaving his lips as his eyes slowly blinked open. "Going somewhere?"

Was she? She couldn't remember.

Hermione shook her head no, and as he guided her hips backwards and forwards, slowly grinding her into his cock, soft gasps parted her lips. His hand trailed up her body, sliding across the soft curve of her waist and over her ribs and higher still until he slipped his fingers into her wild curls and pulled her down until his mouth found hers.

Hermione knew Remus could feel the way her heart beat erratically against her chest, like stampeding horses, thunderous and wild. Everything about his kiss, and touch was head—intoxicating, swallowing up her uncertainty and fear and burning it to ashes until they were nothing left.

Her hips rocked into hers in shallow little thrusts, clearly intent on taking his time as he had her this morning. Holding her tight against his torso, He gently rolled her back to the mattress until Hermione lay on her side between him and Sirius once more.

Her leg lifted, knee resting against his hip, giving him more access to thrust into her open and willing body as he swallowed up her whimpers and moans with slow, loving sweeps of his tongue.

"Started without me?"

A new hand slipped across her cheek, and slowly pulled her mouth away from Remus' addicting lips. She turned, compliant and eager until the gentle motion and soon her lips were against Sirius'. She felt him scoot across the bed until his front molded against her back, his hard cock resting gently on the cleft of her arse as his tongue swept into her mouth to finish what Remus had started.

Remus kept his slow pace, his cock filling her completely before pulling out with a slow purposeful drag, clearly intent on driving her mad as he edged her closer towards orgasm. It was a far cry from the fantic coupling that they'd all participating in the last couple days, but equally as fulfilling.

She lifted one hand from Remus' chest and curled her fingers into Sirius' hair, holding him to her as he ate up her moans and soft cries in pleasure. Despite her eagerness for his kiss, Sirius gently pulled away, his nose nudging hers before he moved to nuzzle against the frizzy curls beside her ear. "So perfect for us...please don't go, Hermione."

She gasped at his words, her fingers flexing. She had to have heard him incorrectly, right? Surely he couldn't have meant *that*.

"We want you...we want to *always* share you." Sirius nipped at the shell of her ear, gently rocking his hips against her backside so his cock stroked between the globes of her arse as a pace that matched his husbands sleepy strokes in her. "Isn't that right, Remus? Tell Hermione."

"You can't go...we just found you." Remus' lips pressed against her shoulder and collarbone. "You have to stay, love."

"B-But my heat." Hermione gasped, eyes rolling closed when Remus hit that spot inside her that made her toes curl. Oh Jesus, this was so much—*almost* too much, but after a week spent between the two of them, she was becoming more and more accustomed to the sensory overload of being worshipped by two men.

"Fuck your heat." Sirius swore, his hand sliding gently over her side and down to grab a handful of her backside, gently lifting her cheek so he could nudge the head of his cock against the place he'd been working with his fingers all week. "This isn't about your damn heat anymore, Hermione...I know you feel it too."

Her brain felt fuzzy, not in that *I've just come out of my heat* sense, but in the *I've attended class one too many times on too few hours of sleep* kind of fuzz. None of it made sense—they

barely knew her! But this wicked things they did do her body not only plucked the strings to her desire, but somehow they'd managed to also burrow their way into her heart over the past week.

Remus taking care of her, feeding her, kissing her, holding her through her heat. And Sirius protecting — that primal instinct to make sure she was safe, healthy and well taken care of. She'd spent the last four years on her own, eating ramen and whatever free pastries she could find in the breakroom at various deadend jobs as she finished up her degree, and now this? Two incredibly handsome men wanted her in their lives, and not just as a bloody fuck toy they passed between them two of them.

Although, to be fair, she wouldn't exactly mind being passed between the two of them—and quite frankly she hoped their insistence that she stay and become *theirs* included many nights doing precisely what they were doing right now.

Remus pushed his hips against hers as far as they could go, his cock filling her to the brim, forcing the air from her lungs so that when Sirius began to breach her back entrance, gently nudging his cock in past the first ring of her arse, she grew lightheaded and hazy. "Oh fuck. Oh fuck. *Oh fuck.*"

"Christ, Sirius." Remus joined in, his voice tight, strained and his hands on her body squeezed harder than before. "So bloody *tight*." He groaned, his forehead pressing against her shoulder as he drug himself and pushed back in her in small shallow thrusts that under normal circumstances would be barely enough movement to register much pleasure but now felt like drudging waves overtaking her entire consciousness.

The edge of her vision blurred, and distantly, she felt Sirius adjust her leg up higher on Remus' side until her kneecap was nearly aligned with her chest, opening her up more for him to— "Ughh!"

"Breathe, little one." Sirius murmured, hissing through his pain-pleasure as he sunk into her at an impossibly slow pace until his cock was nestled deeply inside her arse. He gently released her backside, and moved to dip his fingers between her spread thighs. She felt them move across where Remus was shallowly thrusting into her, collecting as much of their combined nectar as he could before he moved his hand to rub the slick around the base of her cock. "Just breathe."

Right, Breathe. Easier said than done.

She wasn't even sure she could remember how to blink properly, let alone utilize her lungs properly. But, she'd be willing to try as long as it meant he stayed inside her.

She felt full before while taking his cock, her body quickly accommodating to take his knot, but this *full* was different. She felt like she had not a single ounce left of her untouched, and that she couldn't possibly do anything beyond lay her and accept the blissful punishment of their cocks as they drove her closer to her inevitable demise.

Because truth be told, in that very moment, Hermione was certain they were going to kill her. Unintentionally, of course, but nonetheless, she would die by their hand—or in this case, their

cocks.

Her eyes slammed shut, and she focused on doing precisely as Sirius had instructed. Breathe. She could do this. In through the nose, out through the mouth, and just when she thought she could take the pleasure without being pulled under its consuming waves, Sirius began to move.

"Jesus fucking—Please don't—*Fuck!*"

The words that tumbled from her mouth unbidden made no sense, even to her own ears, but the incoherent rambles were all she could make out as her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she lost herself in the pleasure. The gentle, yet steady pace from Remus, his cock dragging across her clit with each stroke, and nudging, filling presences of Sirius in her arse.

"You like this, don't you, Hermione?" Sirius purred, his voice was breathless and low as he set a slow delirium inducing pace, timing his thrusts so he would be fully sheathed in her heat when Remus bottomed out inside her. "You can have this whenever you want...you can *always have us.*"

Her body was melting, surrendering to their every whim. She could barely breathe when they both pushed inside her, and Remus opted to grind against her instead of returning to his slow push and pull.

Their names fell from her lips and pleasure obliterated her in violent waves. Her nails dug into their skin as she tried to hold on—tried to ground herself to something, anything that would remind her that this was real and not just a runaway fantasy, that these men wanted her regardless of being in heat or not.

"That's it. Good girl," Sirius praised, his lips running across the back of her sweat stricken neck, adding to the overwhelming fire that was consuming her. "Come apart for us. Show us how much you love our cocks."

"Shit, Sirius—I-I. Fuck, I can't—" Remus was barely hanging on, his eyes shut tight and before he could so much as wait for approval from their Alpha, he followed suit, her fluttering cunt pulling him under with her. Hermione could feel his cock pulse against the engorged walls of her pussy, spilling his seed deep within her.

Slipping her hand from around Sirius' neck, Hermione gently lifted Remus' head from where it'd fallen on her shoulder. She let her lips find his again as she rocked her hips against his, drawing out as much pleasure for the both of them as they came apart. Her tongue swept into his mouth, leaving no stone unturned on her quest to steal the air from his lungs.

His arms moved to tighten around her middle, rough hands splayed wide on her back and he held on for dear life, crushing her until she was forced to break their lip-lock just so she could find air once more.

He didn't leave her body, instead allowing his cock to stay buried deep inside her, but Hermione felt Sirius pull out, and the sudden loss of his cock made her heart pang with need. He was right, this wasn't about her heat—and it likely hadn't been for several days now. She

wanted to be part of this—to be with them in this perfect little world they'd created. She wanted to wake up beside them, and walk into rooms to find them snogging. She wanted to add a third chair in front of their fireplace and leave her slippers by the hearth.

Sirius' hands ran reverently across her and Remus' sides before he pushed up to a tall knee, his hand already stroking his cock, gray eyes dark and stormy as he looked down to the pair. "Can I come on you? On you both?" The question was a far cry from the dominating behavior that he'd displayed even a day prior, and a reminder that this was him and not his Alpha running the show any longer.

Hermione glanced to Remus, as if seeking approval before she looked back up to Sirius and gave him a quick nod. "Gods, yes." Her voice cracked, still raw from her cries as she came apart between them.

Sirius moved up higher on the bed, his knees sinking into the plush pillows as he picked up his pace, his hand curled so tightly around his hardened length she was surprised he could feel anything at all.

He looked like a man possessed, his eyes ran over her and Remus' joined bodies, looking almost adoringly at them as he brought himself pleasure. A snarl of completion echoed around the bedroom and she watched him come apart kneeling above them. The hard plains of his lithe body flexed, muscles taut and building, veins on his forearms defined and hot ropes of his come erupted from the tip of his cock and landed across her and Remus' faces and chest.

His free hand moved, bracing himself against the wall with a loud thump and his head dropped head, shaggy black hair framing his face as his eyes closed tight, crinkling the corners of his eyes.

Soon the only sound that filled the room was his heavy breath. The rapid rise and fall of his chest captivating her—everything about this man was intoxicating. His words, the hard lines of his body, the way he looked at her and Remus both, as if they were the only things in the entire universe that could inspire him so.

Her hand lifted, fingers brushing through the sticky liquid that coated her cheek and she turned to look at Remus, and she bit the inside of her cheek to hold back the audible groan at the vision of him before her. His eyes half-lidded, pleasure still radiating from him, and in his beard, droplets of his husband's come clung to the rough hairs.

"Jesus Christ, you two are trying to kill me," Hermione breathed, lifting her trembling hand to brush across Remus' facial hair, smearing Sirius' come across his beard. Could she ever get used to this? Seeing them both so drunk off desire, and lost in the throes of something was surely against some sort of law. They weren't supposed to want this—were they? Legally speaking, this had to be adultery, right? Even if they were all willing participants.

Remus dropped his head, his lips wrapping around the tips of her wet fingers and she gasped when she felt his tongue lap against the pads of her fingertips, sucking the remains of Sirius' come from them.

"We don't want you dead...just incapacitated so you can't leave." Sirius chuckled breathily as he lowered to the mattress beside them. His arm was thrown around her waist, fingers curling around Remus' hip, holding him both of them tight as he snuggled in close. "Is it working?"

"I'm afraid so." Hermione slowly pulled her fingers from Remus' mouth, letting them dance across his impossibly soft lips before she slowly pulled her hips away from Remus, letting his cock slip from her aching body. Rolling onto her back, her hands rose, fingers sliding into her damp curls as she pressed her palms against her eyes until technicolor stars burst behind her closed eyelids.

She felt Remus shift up onto his elbow beside her, his hand falling against her stomach, thumb stroking across her abdomen. "You alright?...Look if this is too much you don't have to —"

"We didn't mean to frighten you." Sirius cut off his husband, and she assumed that the hand she felt skitting across her jaw was his.

"You...did you mean what you said—what both of you said?" She whispered the questions, tentative and unsure. When they said it, their persistent instances that she remain with them—*theirs*, but she had to make sure. She'd never done something like this before, let alone take two men with her through her heat, but something about it felt...right. Like she belonged.

"About wanting you to stay?" Sirius' hand curled around one of her wrists and he gently pulled it away from her face before doing the same to the other, but when she didn't open her eyes like he'd clearly intended, he leaned in to press a kiss on the centre of her forehead. "Absolutely."

"More than anything," Remus added, leaning in to brush his lips across her temple with such overflowing devotion she found herself at a loss for words. "We talked about it when you slept during your third night here. You're...you're what we didn't know we were missing."

Her heart seized, and for a moment it was as if the planets aligned and time stood still like in some cheesy sci-fi film. "B-but..."

"But nothing. I knew I'd liked you the moment that first night we messaged on Findr...and I knew Sirius would too. We weren't looking for a third to our marriage, and...well, I don't even know how we'd go about doing it, but maybe...if you'd like we can date...the three of us...and sometimes just us, or you and Sirius. I don't think I'm speaking for myself when I say that I'm not ready to watch you walk away...not without at least trying." Remus' hand moved up the centre line of her body, his fingers brushing over her sternum and through the valley of her breasts until he wrapped his hand over Sirius' on her jaw and he pulled their combined hands down over her heart.

"Date." Hermione breathed, mulling over the word that seemed to hold so much meaning in her mind and she slowly allowed her eyes to crack open. Remus' lips were lifted in a hopeful smile, his kind green eyes sparkling in the soft morning light. He was so understanding, even now she could tell if she told them now, he'd gracefully accept her decision—no matter how painful it would be for him.

"Yeah...just date. Go to the cinema, or out for pints or to the club...or *whatever* twenty something year olds do now." Sirius added in, brows lifting and his head cocked to the side, giving him all the semblance of an overgrown puppy.

A small laugh slipped from her lips, and Hermione let out a small groan, tipping her head back on the pillows, her curls haloing her head as she sucked in a deep breath, letting it fill her lungs to capacity before she held it. It was just dating. She's gone on dates before! It wasn't truly a big deal...and technically speaking if they were *all* okay with it, then it wasn't really weird...was it?

Harry would understand—once he saw them, he'd definitely understand. And the rest of their friends might come around...especially if Remus and Sirius hosted the occasional dinner where they fed her ragtag crew.

"Yes." She let her response slip with a heavy exhale and she dropped her hands from her curls and let them fall on the pillow above her head as she lowered her chin to look down at the two men whose eyes seemed to brighten immediately. "Yes, I'll date you...both. But you have to promise me something."

"What?"

"Anything!"

Remus' question was overshadowed by Sirius' enthusiasm, and she couldn't help but laugh at the difference between the two men. "That if this isn't working—for either of you, that you'll be honest with not only me, but each other too."

Sirius let out a small bark of a laugh, and a smile a kilometer wide spread across his lips, showing even his molars. "Sure...I can promise that, but you've got to understand something, Hermione," he said, pushing himself up so his chin propped against his upturned hand. "I highly—*highly* doubt that will happen anytime soon."

"If ever," Remus added with a wink.

Chapter End Notes

Tada! That's it folks. Thank you so much for all your reviews, kudos, comments, follows & recommendations of this story!! It's been such a fun trope to explore and I am eternally thankful you are all open to my depraved smut.

That being said, I have some exciting news..... *drum roll* A continuation of this fic will be coming to you beginning Mid-December/Early January! Make sure to join Restricted Section: Multi + Triad's Only to stay up to date on its release. We are also hosting Kink-Tober and have smut filled triad/mutli pieces written by some seriously talented folks! (<https://www.facebook.com/groups/restricted.section.fanfic/>)

Until next time! xx

End Notes

Hulllillo. So I am doing a thing—clearly. This fic is currently projected to be 9/10 chapters in length, and it's going to be smut trash, so unless you like copious amounts of A/B/O smut, feel free to skip this nonsense. A/B/O is still relatively new to HP fandom (in comparison to other's that I am apart of), and the few I've read don't touch on some of the more...specific details of the trope. So I'm an effort to explore that lore more—and write stupid amounts of smut—I decided to embark on this new venture. I hope you like it.

Big thanks to Frumpologist for being my cheerleader Alpha. She is seriously fantastic, everyone needs to get themselves a friend like her.

and of course, my stories would be shit without an excellent beta. thank you Aljames16!

until next time. xx

Works inspired by this one

[\[Art\] ABO Wolfstar Sandwich](#) by [A_LoveUnlaced](#)

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